PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

VOL. III.

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PENCILLINGS

BY THE WAY.

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PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

LETTER I.

Beauties of the Bosphorus—Summer-palace of the Sultan—Adventure with an old Turkish woman—The feast of Bairam—The Sultan his own butcher—His evil propensities — Visit to the mosques — A formidable dervish — Santa Sophia — Mosque of Sultan Achmet — Traces of Christianity.

Nov. 1833.

FROM this elevated point, the singular effect of a desert commencing from the very streets of the city is still more observable. The compact edge of the metropolis is visible even upon the more rural Bosphorus, not an inclosure or a straggling house venturing to protrude beyond the closely-pressed limit. To repeat the figure, it seems, with the prodigious mass of habitations on

either shore, as if all the cities of both Europe and Asia were swept to their respective borders; or as if the crowded masses upon the long-extending shores were the deposit of some mighty overflow of the sea.

From Pera commence the numerous villages, separated only by name, which form a fringe of peculiarly light and fantastic architecture to the never-wearying Bosphorus. Within the small limit of your eye, upon that silver link between the two seas, there are fifty valleys and thirty rivers, and an imperial palace on every loveliest spot from the Black Sea to Marmora. The Italians say, "See Naples and die!" but for Naples I would read Stamboul and the Bosphorus.

Descending unwillingly from this enchanting spot, we entered a long glen, closed at the water's edge by the sultan's summer-palace, and present residence of Beylerbey. Half-way down, we met a decrepid old woman toiling up the path, and my friend, with a Wordsworthian passion for all things humble and simple, gave her the Turkish "Good-morrow," and inquired her business at the

village. She had been to Stavros, to sell ten paras' worth of herbs—about one cent of our currency. He put a small piece of silver into her hand, while, with the still strong habit of Turkish modesty, she employed the other hand in folding her tattered *yashmack* so as to conceal her features from the gaze of strangers. She had not expected charity. "What is this for?" she asked, looking at it with some surprise. "To buy bread for your children, mother!" "Effendi!" said the poor old creature, her voice trembling, and the tears streaming from her eyes, "my children are all dead! There is no one now between me and Allah." It were worth a poet's while to live in the East. Like the fairy in the tale, they never open their lips but they "speak pearls."

We took a caique at the mosque of Sultan Selim, at Beylerbey, and floated slowly past the imperial palace. Five or six eunuchs, with their red capsand long blue dresses, were talking at a high tenor in the court-yard of the harem, and we gazed long and earnestly at the fine lattices above, concealing so many of the picked beauties

of the empire. A mandolin, very indifferently strummed in one of the projecting wings betrayed the employment of some fair Fatima, and there was a single moment when we could see, by the relief of a corner window, the outline of a female figure; but the caique floated remorselessly on, and our busy imaginations had their own unreal shadows for their reward. As we approached the central façade the polished brazen gates flew open, and a band of thirty musicians came out and ranged themselves on the terrace beneath the palace-windows, announcing, in their first flourish, that Sultan Mahmoud had thrust his fingers into his *pillaw*, and his subjects were at liberty to dine. Not finding their music much to our taste, we ordered the *caikjees* to assist the current a little, and, shooting past Stavros, we put across the Strait from the old palace of Shemsheh the vizier, and in a few minutes I was once more in my floating home, under the "star-spangled banner."

* * * * * *

Constantinople was in a blaze last night, with the illumination for the approach of the Turkish

feast of Bairam. The minarets were extremely beautiful, their encircling galleries hung with coloured lamps, and illuminated festoons suspended from one to the other. The ships of the fleet were decked also with thousands of lamps; and the effect was exceedingly fine, with the reflection in the Bosphorus, and the waving of the suspended lights in the wind. The sultan celebrates the festa by taking a virgin to his bed, and sacrificing twenty sheep with his own hand. I am told by an intelligent physician here, that this playing the butcher is an every-day business with the "Brother of the Sun," every safe return from a ride, or an excursion in his *sultanethe caique*, requiring him to cut the throat of his next day's mutton. It may account partly for the excessive cruelty of character attributed to him.

Among other bad traits, Mahmoud is said to be very avaricious. It is related of his youth, that he was permitted occasionally, with his brother, (who was murdered to make room for him on the throne,) to walk out in public on certain days with their governor; and that, upon

these occasions, each was entrusted with a purse to be expended in charity. The elder brother soon distributed his piastres, and borrowed of his attendants to continue his charities; while Mahmoud quietly put the purse in his pocket, and added it to his private hoard on his return. It is said, too, that he has a particular passion for upholstery, and, in his frequent change from one serai to another, allows no nail to be driven without his supervision. Add to this a spirit of perverse contradiction, so truculent that none but the most abject flatterers can preserve his favour, and you have a pretty handful of offsets against a character certainly not without some royal qualities.

* * * * *

With one of the Reis Effendi's and one of the Seraskier's officers, followed by four *kervasses* in the Turkish military dress, and every man a pair of slippers in his pocket, we accompanied the commodore, to-day, on a visit to the principal mosques.

Landing first at Tophana, on the Pera side, we

entered the court of the new mosque built by the present sultan, whose elegant exterior of white marble, and two freshly-gilded minarets we had admired daily, lying at anchor without sound of the muezzin. The morning prayers were just over, and the retiring Turks looked, with lowering brows, at us, as we pulled off our boots on the sacred threshold.

We entered upon what, but for the high pulpit, I should have taken for rather a superb ball-room. An unencumbered floor carpeted gaily; a small arabesque gallery over the door quite like an orchestra; chandeliers and lamps in great profusion, and walls painted of the brightest and most varied colours, formed an interior rather wanting in the "dim religious light" of a place of worship. We were shuffling round in our slippers from one side to the other, examining the marble *mihrab* and the narrow and towering pulpit, when a ragged and decrepid dervish, with his papooshes in his hand, and his toes and heels protruding from a very dirty pair of stockings, rose from his prayers and began walking backward and forward, eyeing us ferociously

and muttering himself into quite a passion. His charity for infidels was evidently at a low ebb. Every step we took upon the holy floor seemed to add to his fury. The *kervasses* observed him, but his sugar-loaf cap carried some respect with it, and they evidently did not like to meddle with him. He followed us to the door, fixing his hollow gray eyes with a deadly glare upon each one as he went out, and the Turkish officers seemed rather glad to hurry us out of his way. He left us in the vestibule, and we mounted a handsome marble staircase to a suite of apartments above, communicating with the sultan's private gallery. The carpets here were richer, and the divans, with which the half-dozen saloons were surrounded, were covered with the most costly stuffs of the East. The gallery was divided from the area of the mosque by a fine brazen grating curiously wrought, and its centre occupied by a rich ottoman, whereon the imperial legs are crossed in the intervals of his prostrations. It was about the size and had the air altogether of a private box at the Opera.

We crossed the Golden Horn, and, passing the

eunuch's guard, entered the gardens of the seraglio on our way to Santa Sophia. An inner wall still separated us from the gilded kiosks, at whose latticed windows, peering above the trees, we might have clearly perused the features of any peeping inmate; but the little crossed bars revealed nothing but their own provoking eye of the size of a rose leaf in the centre, and we reached the upper gate without even a glimpse of a waved handkerchief to stir our chivalry to the rescue.

A confused mass of buttresses without form or order, is all that you are shown for the exterior of that "wonder of the world," the mosque of mosques, the renowned Santa Sophia. We descended a dark avenue, and leaving our boots in a vestibule that the horse of Mahomet the Second, if he was lodged as ambitiously living as dead, would have disdained for his stable, we entered the vaulted area. A long breath and an admission of its attributed almost supernatural grandeur followed our too hasty disappointment. It is indeed a "vast and wondrous dome!" Its dimensions are less than those of St. Peter's at Rome, but its effect, owing to its unity and sim-

plicity of design is, I think, superior. The numerous small galleries let into its sides add richness to it without impairing its apparent magnitude; and its vast floor, upon which a single individual is almost lost, the sombre colours of its walls untouched probably for centuries, and the dim sepulchral light that struggles through the deep-niched and retiring windows, form altogether an interior from which the imagination returns, like the dove to the ark, fluttering and bewildered.

Our large party separated over its wilderness of a floor, and each might have had his hour of solitude, had the once Christian spirit of the spot (or the present pagan demon) affected him religiously. I found, myself, a singular pleasure in wandering about upon the elastic mats, (laid four or five thick all over the floor,) examining here a tattered banner hung against the wall, and there a rich Cashmere which had covered the tomb of the prophet; on one side a slab of transparent alabaster from the temple of Solomon, (a strange relic for a Mahometan mosque,) and on the other a dark *mihrab* surrounded by candles of incredible proportions, looking like the marble columns of some

friezeless portico. The four "six-winged cherubim" on the roof of the dome, sole remaining trace as they are of the religion to which the building was first dedicated, had better been left to the imagination. They are monstrous in mosaic. It is said that the whole interior of the mosque is cased beneath its dusky plaster with the same costly mosaic which covers the ceiling. To make a Mahometan mosque of a Christian church, however, it was necessary to erase Christian emblems from the walls; besides which the Turks have a superstitious horror of all imitative arts, considering the painting of the human features particularly, as a mockery of the handiwork of Allah.

We went hence to the more modern mosque of Sultan Achmet, which is an imitation of Santa Sophia within, but its own beautiful prototype in exterior. Its spacious and solemn court, its six heaven-piercing minarets, its fountains, and the mausoleums of the sultans, with their gilded cupolas, and sarcophagi covered with Cashmeres, (the murdering sultan and his murdered brothers lying in equal splendour side by side,) are of a style of richness peculiarly Oriental and imposing.

We visited in succession Sultan Bajazet, Sulymanye, and Sultana Validé, all of the same arabesque exterior, and very similar within. The description of one leaves very little to be said of the other; and with the exception of Santa Sophia, of which I should like to make a lounge when I am in love with my own company, the mosques of Constantinople are a kind of "lion" well killed in a single visit.

LETTER II.

Farewell to Constantinople—Europe and the East compared—The departure—Smyrna, the great mart for figs—An excursion into Asia Minor—Travelling equipments—Character of the hajjis—Encampment of gipsies—A youthful Hebe—*Note,* Horror of the Turks for the "unclean animal"—An anecdote.

Nov. 1833.

I HAVE spent the last day or two in farewell visits to my favourite haunts in Constantinople. I galloped up the Bosphorus, almost envying *les ames damnées* that skim so swiftly and perpetually from the Symplegades to Marmora, and from Marmora back to the Symplegades. I took a caique to the Valley of Sweet Waters, and rambled away an hour on its silken sward. I

lounged a morning in the bazaars, smoked a parting-pipe with my old Turk in the Bezestein, and exchanged a last salaam with the venerable Armenian bookseller, still poring over his illuminated Hafiz. And last night, with the sundown-boat waiting at the pier, I loitered till twilight in the small and elevated cemetery between Galata and Pera, and, with feelings of even painful regret, gazed my last upon the matchless scene around me. In the words of the eloquent author of Anastasius, when taking the same farewell, "For the last time, my eye wandered over the dimpled hills, glided along the winding waters, and dived into the deep and delicious dells, in which branch out its jagged shores. Reverting from these smiling outlets of its sea-beat suburbs to its busy centre, I surveyed, in slow succession, every chaplet of swelling cupolas, every grove of slender minarets, and every avenue of glittering porticos, whose pinnacles dart their golden shafts from between the dark cypress-trees into the azure sky. I dwelt on them as on things I never was to behold more; and not until the evening had deepened the veil it cast over the varied

scene from orange to purple, and from purple to the sable hue of night, did I tear myself away from the impressive spot. I then bade the city of Constantine farewell for ever, descended the high-crested hill, stepped into the heaving boat, turned my back upon the shore, and sank my regrets in the sparkling wave, across which the moon had already flung a trembling bar of silvery light, pointing my way, as it were, to other unknown regions."

There are few intellectual pleasures like that of finding our own thoughts and feelings well described by another.

I certainly would not live in the East; and when I sum up its inconveniences and the deprivations to which the traveller from Europe, with his refined wants, is subjected, I marvel at the heart-ache with which I turn my back upon it, and the deep dye it has infused into my imagination. Its few peculiar luxuries do not compensate for the total absence of comfort; its lovely scenery cannot reconcile you to wretched lodgings; its picturesque costumes and poetical people, and golden sky, fine food for a summer's fancy as

they are, cannot make you forget the civilised pleasures you abandon for them—the fresh literature, the arts and music, the refined society, the elegant pursuits, and the stirring intellectual collision of the cities of Europe.

Yet the world contains nothing like Constantinople. If we could compel all our senses into one, and live by the pleasure of the eye, it were a Paradise untranscended. The Bosphorus—the superb, peculiar, incomparable Bosphorus! the dream-like, fairy-built seraglio! the sights within the city so richly strange, and the valleys and streams around it so exquisitely fair! the voluptuous softness of the dark eyes haunting your every step on shore, and the spirit-like swiftness and elegance of your darting caique upon the waters! In what land is the priceless sight such a treasure? Where is the fancy so delicately and divinely pampered?

Every heave at the capstan-bars drew upon my heart; and when the unwilling anchor, at last, let go its hold, and the frigate swung free with the outward current, I felt as if, in that moment, I had parted my hold upon a land of faëry. The

dark cypresses and golden pinnacles of Seraglio Point, and the higher shafts of Sophia's sky-touching minarets, were the last objects in my swiftly-receding eye, and, in a short hour or two, the whole bright vision had sunk below the horizon.

We crossed Marmora, and shot down the rapid Dardanelles in as many hours as the passage up had occupied days, and, rounding the coast of Anatolia, entered between Mitylene and the Asian shore, and, on the third day, anchored in the bay of Smyrna.

"Every body knows Smyrna," says MacFarlane, "*it is such a place for figs!*" It is a low-built town, at the head of the long gulf which bears its name, and, with the exception of the high rock immediately over it, topped by the ruins of an old castle, said to embody in its walls the ancient Christian Church, it has no very striking features. Extensive gardens spread away on every side, and, without exciting much of your admiration for its beauty, there is a look of peace and rural comfort about the neighbourhood that affects the mind pleasantly.

Almost immediately on my arrival, I joined a party for a few days' tour in Asia Minor. We were five, and, with a baggage-horse and a mounted *suridjee*, our caravan was rather respectable. Our appointments were Orientally simple. We had each a Turkish bed, (alias, a small carpet,) a nightcap, and a "copyhold" upon a pair of saddle bags, containing certain things forbidden by the Koran, and therefore not likely to be found by the way. Our attendant was a most ill-favoured Turk, whose pilgrimage to Mecca (he was a hajji, and wore a green turban,) had, at least, imparted no sanctity to his visage. If he was not a rogue, nature had mislabelled him, and I shelter my want of charity under the Arabic proverb: "Distrust thy neighbour if he has made a hajji; if he has made two, make haste to leave thy house."

We wound our way slowly out of the narrow and ill-paved streets of Smyrna, and passing through the suburban gardens, yellow with lemons and oranges, crossed a small bridge over the Hermus. This is a favourite walk of the Smyr-

niotes; and if its classic river, whose "golden sands" (here, at least) are not golden, and its "Bath of Diana" near by, whose waters would scarcely purify her "silver bow," are something less than their sounding names, there is a cool dark cemetery beyond, less famous, but more practicable for sentiment, and many a shadowy vine and drooping tree in the gardens around, that might recompense lovers, perhaps, for the dirty labyrinth of the intervening suburb.

We spurred away over the long plain of Hadjilar, leaving to the right and left the pretty villages ornamented by the summer-residences of the wealthy merchants of Smyrna, and in two or three hours reached a small lone *café*, at the foot of its bounding range of mountains. We dismounted here to breathe our horses, and, while coffee was preparing, I discovered, in a green hollow hard by, a small encampment of gipsies. With stones in our hands, as the *cafejee* told us the dogs were troublesome, we walked down into the little round-bottomed dell, a spot selected with "a lover's eye for nature," and were brought to bay by a dozen

noble shepherd-dogs, within a few yards of their outer tent.

The noise brought out an old sun-burnt woman, and two or three younger ones, with a troop of boys, who called in the dogs, and invited us kindly within their limits. The tents were placed in a half-circle, with their doors inward, and were made with extreme neatness. There were eight or nine of them, very small and low, with round tops, the cloth stretched tightly over an inner frame, and bound curiously down on the outside with beautiful wicker-work. The curtains at the entrance were looped up to admit the grateful sun, and the compactly arranged interiors lay open to our prying curiosity. In the rounded corner farthest from the door lay uniformly the same goat-skin beds, flat on the ground; and in the centre of most of them stood a small loom, at which the occupant plied her task like an automaton, not betraying by any sign a consciousness of our presence. They sat cross-legged like the Turks, and had all a look of habitual sternness, which, with their thin, strongly marked gipsy features, and wild eyes,

gave them more the appearance of men. It was the first time I had ever remarked such a character upon a class of female faces, and I should have thought I had mistaken their sex if their half-naked figures had not put it beyond a doubt. The men were probably gone to Smyrna, as none were visible in the encampment. As we were about returning, the curtain of the largest tent, which had been dropped on our entrance, was lifted cautiously by a beautiful girl, of perhaps thirteen, who, not remarking that I was somewhat in the rear of my companions, looked after them a moment, and then, fastening back the dingy folds by a string, returned to her employment of swinging an infant in a small wicker hammock, suspended in the centre of the tent. Her dark but prettily-rounded arm was decked with a bracelet of silver pieces; and just between two of the finest eyes I ever saw, was suspended, by a yellow thread, one of the small gold coins of Constantinople. Her softly moulded bust was entirely bare, and might have served for the model of a youthful Hebe. A girdle around her waist sustained loosely a long

pair of full Turkish trowsers, of the colour and fashion usually worn by women in the East, and, caught over her hip, hung suspended by its fringe the truant shawl that had been suffered to fall from her shoulders and expose her guarded beauty. I stood admiring her a full minute, before I observed a middle-aged woman in the opposite corner, who, bending over her work, was fortunately as late in observing my intrusive presence. As I advanced half a step, however, my shadow fell into the tent, and, starting with surprise, she rose and dropped the curtain.

We re-mounted, and I rode on, thinking of the vision of loveliness I was leaving in that wild dell. We travel a great way to see hills and rivers, thought I, but, after all, a human being is a more interesting object than a mountain. I shall remember the little gipsy of Hadjilar long after I have forgotten Hermus and Sipylus.

Our road dwindled to a mere bridle-path as we advanced, and the scenery grew wild and barren. The horses were all sad stumblers, and the uneven rocks gave them every apology for coming down

whenever they could forget the spur; and so we entered the broad and green valley of *Yackerhem*, (I write it as I heard it pronounced,) and drew up at the door of a small hovel, serving the double purpose of a *café* and a guard-house.

A Turkish officer of the old *régime*, turbaned and cross-legged, and armed with pistols and ataghan, sat smoking on one side the brazier of coals, and the *cafejee* exercised his small vocation on the other. Before the door, a raised platform of green sward, and a marble slab, facing toward Mecca, indicated the place for prayer; and a dashing rider of a Turk, who had kept us company from Smyrna, flying past us and dropping to the rear alternately, had taken off his slippers at the moment we arrived, and was commencing his noon devotions.

We gathered round our commissary's saddle-bags, and shocked our mussulman friends by producing the unclean beast* and the forbidden li-

* Talking of hams, two of the sultan's chief eunuchs applied to an English physician, a friend of mine, at Constantinople, to accompany them on board the American frigate. I

quor, which, with the delicious Turkey coffee, never better than in these wayside hovels, furnished forth a traveller's meal.

engaged to wait on board for them on a certain day, but they did not make their appearance. They gave, as their apology, that they could not defile themselves by entering a ship polluted by the presence of that unclean animal, the hog.

LETTER III.

Natural statue of Niobe—The thorn of Syria and its tradition—Approach to Magnesia—Hereditary residence of the family of Bey-Oglou—Character of its present occupant—The truth about Oriental Caravanserais—Comforts and appliances they yield to travellers—Figaro of the Turks—The Pillaw—Morning scene at the departure—Playful familiarity of a solemn old Turk—Magnificent prospect from Mount Sipylus.

Nov. 1833.

THREE or four hours more of hard riding brought us to a long glen, opening upon the broad plains of Lydia. We were on the look-out here for the "natural statue of Niobe," spoken of by the ancient writers as visible from the road in this neighbourhood; but there was nothing that looked like her, unless she was, as the poet describes her,

a "Niobe, all tears," and runs down toward the Sarabat, in what we took to be only a very pretty mountain rivulet. It served for simple fresh water to our volunteer companion, who darted off an hour before sunset, and had finished his ablutions and prayers, and was rising from his knees as we overtook him upon its grassy border. Almost the only thing that grows in these long mountain-passes is the peculiar thorn of Syria, said to be the same of which our Saviour's crown was plaited. It differs from the common species in having a hooked thorn alternating with the straight, adding cruelly to its power of laceration. It is remarkable that the flower, at this season withering on the bush, is a circular golden-coloured leaf, resembling exactly the radiated glory usually drawn around the heads of Christ and the Virgin.

Amid a sunset of uncommon splendour, firing every peak of the opposite range of hills with an effulgent red, and filling the valley between with an atmosphere of heavenly purple, we descended into the plain.

Mount Sipylus, in whose rocks the magnetic

ore is said to have been first discovered, hung over us in bold precipices; and, rounding a projecting spur, we came suddenly in sight of the minarets and cypresses of Magnesia, (not pronounced as if written in an apothecary's bill,) the ancient capital of the Ottoman empire.

On the side of the ascent, above the town, we observed a large isolated mansion, surrounded with a wall, and planted about with noble trees, looking, with the exception that it was too freshly painted, like one of the fine old castle-palaces of Italy. It was something very extraordinary for the East, where no man builds beyond the city wall, and no house is very much larger than another. It was the hereditary residence, we afterward discovered, of almost the only noble family in Turkey—that of the Bey-Oglou. You will recollect Byron's allusion to it in the 'Bride of Abydos:'

"We Moslem reck not much of blood,
But yet the race of Karaisman,
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood,
First of the bold Timareot bands
Who won, and well can keep, their lands;

Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey-Oglou."

I quote from memory; perhaps incorrectly.

The present descendant is still in possession of the title, and is said to be a liberal-minded and hospitable old Turk, of the ancient and better school. His camels are the finest that come into Smyrna, and are famous for their beauty and appointments.

Our devout companion left us at the first turning in the town, laying his hand to his breast in gratitude for having been suffered to annoy us all day with his brilliant equitation, and we stumbled in through the increasing shadows of twilight to the caravanserai.

It is very possible that the reader has but a slender conception of an Oriental hotel. Supposing it, at least, from the inadequacy of my own previous ideas, I shall allow myself a little particularity in the description of the conveniences which the travelling Zuleikas and Fatimas, the Maleks and Othmans, of Eastern story, encounter in their romantic journeys.

It was near the farther outskirt of the large

city of Magnesia, (the accent, I repeat, is on the penult,) that we found the way encumbered with some scores of kneeling camels, announcing our vicinity to a khan. A large wooden building, rather off its perpendicular, with a great many windows, but no panes in them, and only here and there a shutter hanging by the eyelids, presently appeared; and entering its hospitable gateway, which had neither gate nor porter, we dismounted in a large court, lit only by the stars, and pre-occupied by any number of mules and horses. An inviting staircase led to a gallery encircling the whole area, from which opened thirty or forty small doors; but, though we made as much noise as could be expected of as many men and horses, no waiter looked over the balustrade, nor maid Cicely, nor Boniface, or their corresponding representatives in Turkey, invited us in. The suridjee looked to his horses, which was his business, and to look to ourselves was ours; though, with our stiff limbs and clamorous appetites, we set about it rather despairingly.

The Figaro of the Turks is a *cafejee*, who, besides shaving, making coffee, and bleeding, is

supposed to be capable of every office required by man. He is generally a Greek, the Mussulman seldom having sufficient facility of character for the vocation. In a few minutes, then, the nearest Figaro was produced, who, scarce dissembling his surprise at the improvidence of travellers who went about without pot or kettle, bag of rice or bottle of oil, led the way with his primitive lamp to our apartment. We might have our choice of twenty. Having looked at the other nineteen, we came back to the first, reconciled to it by sheer force of comparison. Of its two windows one alone had a shutter that would fulfil its destiny. It contained neither chair, table, nor utensil of any description. Its floor had not been swept, nor its walls whitewashed since the days of Timour the Tartar. "Kalo! Kalo!" (Greek for "you will be very comfortable,") cried our commissary, throwing down some old mats to spread our carpets upon. But the mats were alive with vermin, and, for sweeping the room, the dust would not have been laid till midnight. So we threw down our carpets upon the floor, and driving from our minds the too luxurious thoughts

of clean straw, and a corner in a warm barn, sat down, by the glimmer of a flaring taper, to wait, with what patience we might, for a chicken still breathing freely on his roost, and turn our backs as ingeniously as possible on a chilly December wind, that came in at the open window, as if it knew the caravanserai were free to all comers. There is but one circumstance to add to this faithful description—and it is one which, in the minds of many very worthy persons, would turn the scale in favour of the hotels of the East, with all their disadvantages—there was nothing to pay!

Ali Bey, in his travels, predicts the fall of the Ottoman empire, from the neglected state of the khans; this inattention to the public institutions of hospitality being a falling away from the leading Mussulman virtue. They never gave the traveller more than a shelter, however, in their best days; and to enter a cold, unfurnished room after a day's hard travel, even if the floor were clean, and the windows would shut, is rather comfortless. Yet such is Eastern travel, and the alternative is to take "the sky for a great-coat,"

and find as soft a stone as possible for your pillow.

We gathered around our *pillaw*, which came in the progress of time, and consisted of a chicken, buried in a handsomely-shaped cone of rice and butter, forming, with the large crater-like black bowl in which it stood, the cloud of smoke issuing from its peak, and the lava of butter flowing down its sides, as pretty a miniature Vesuvius as you would find in a modeller's window in the Toledo. Encouraging that sin in Christians, which they would not commit themselves, they brought us some wine of the country, the sin of drinking which, one would think, was its own sufficient punishment. With each a wooden spoon, the immediate and only means of communication between the dish and the mouth, we soon solved the doubtful problem of the depth of the crater; and then casting lots who should lie next the window to take off the edge of the December blast, we improved upon some hints taken from the fig-packers of Smyrna, and with an economy of exposed surface, which can only

be learned by travel, disposed ourselves in a solid body to sleep.

The tinkling of the camels' bells awoke me as the day was breaking, and, my toilet being already made, I sprang readily up and descended to the court of the caravanserai. It was an Eastern scene, and not an unpoetical one. The patient and intelligent camels were kneeling in regular ranks to receive their loads, complaining in a voice almost human, as the driver flung the heavy bales upon the saddles too roughly; while the small donkey, no larger than a Newfoundland dog, leader of the long caravan, took his place at the head of the gigantic file, pricking back his long ears as if he were counting his spongy-footed followers, as they fell in behind him. Here and there knelt six or seven, with their unsightly humps still unburdened, eating with their peculiar deliberateness from small heaps of provender, and, scattered over the adjacent field, wandered separately the caravan of some indolent driver, browsing upon the shrubs, and looking occasionally with intelligent expectation toward the khan, for the appearance of their tardy master.

Over all rose the mingled music of the small bells, with which their gay-coloured harness was profusely covered, varied by the heavy beat of the larger ones borne at the necks of the leading and last camels of the file, while the retreating sounds of the caravans already on their march, came in with the softer tones which completed its sweetness.

In a short time my companions joined me, and we started for a walk in the town. The necessity of attending the daylight prayers makes all Mussulmans early risers, and we found the streets already crowded, and the merchants and artificers as busy as at noon. Turning a corner to get out of the way of a row of butchers, who were slaughtering sheep revoltingly in front of their stalls, we met two old Turks coming from the mosque, one of whom, with the familiarity of manners which characterizes the nation, took from my hand a stout English riding-whip which I carried, and began to exercise it on the bag-like trowsers of his friend. After amusing himself a while in this manner, he returned the whip, and, patting me condescendingly on the cheek, gave me

two figs from his voluminous pocket, and walked on. Considering that I stand six feet in my stockings, an unwieldy size, you may say, for a pet, this freak of the old Magnesian would seem rather extraordinary. Yet it illustrates the Turkish manners, which, as I have often had occasion to notice, are a singular mixture of profound gravity and the most childish simplicity.

We found a few fine old marble columns in the porches of the mosques, but one Turkish town is just like another, and after an hour or two of wandering about among the wooden houses and narrow streets, we returned to the khan, and, with a cup of coffee, mounted and resumed our journey.

I have never seen a finer plain than that of Magnesia. With an even breadth of seven or eight miles, its length cannot be less than fifty or sixty, and throughout its whole extent it is one unbroken picture of fertile field and meadow, shut in by *two* lofty ranges of mountains, and watered by the full and winding Hermus. Without fence, and almost without human habitation, it is a noble expanse to the eye, possessing all the untrammelled

beauty of a wilderness without its detracting inutility. It is literally "clothed with flocks." As we rode on under the eastern brow of Mount Sipylus, and struck out more into the open plain, as far as we could distinguish by the eye, spread the snowy sheep in hundreds, at merely separating distances, checkered here and there by a herd of the tall jet-black goats of the East, walking onward in slow and sober procession, with the solemn state of a funeral. The road was lined with camels coming into Smyrna by this grand highway of nature, and bringing all the varied produce of Asia Minor to barter in its busy mart. We must have passed a thousand in our day's journey.

LETTER IV.

The eye of the camel—Rocky sepulchres—Virtue of an old passport backed by impudence — Temple of Cybele—Palace of Crœsus—Ancient church of Sardis—Return to Smyrna.

UNSIGHTLY as the camel is, with its long snaky neck, its frightful hump, and its awkward legs and action, it wins much upon your kindness with a little acquaintance. Its eye is exceeding fine. There is a lustrous, suffused softness in the large hazel orb that is the rarest beauty in a human eye, and so remarkable is this feature in the camel, that I wonder it has never fallen into use as a poetical simile. They do not shun the gaze of man, like other animals, and I pleased myself often, when the suridjee slackened his pace, with

riding close to some returning caravan, and exchanging steady looks in passing with the slow-paced camels. It was like meeting the eye of a kind old man.

The face of Mount Sipylus, in its whole extent, is excavated into sepulchres. They are mostly ancient, and form a very singular feature in the scenery. A range of precipices, varying from one to three hundred feet in height, is perforated for twenty miles with these airy depositaries for the dead, many of them a hundred feet from the plain. Occasionally they are extended to considerable caves, hewn with great labour in the rock, and probably, from their numerous niches, intended as family sepulchres. They are now the convenient eyries of great numbers of eagles, which circle continually around the summits, and poise themselves on the wing along the sides of these lonely mountains in undisturbed security.

We arrived early in the afternoon at Casabar, a pretty town at the foot of Mount Tmolus. Having eaten a melon, the only thing for which the place is famous, we proposed to go on to Achmet-lee,

some three hours farther. The suridjee, however, whose horses were hired by the day, had made up his mind to sleep at Casabar; and so we were at issue. Our stock of Turkish was soon exhausted, and the hajji was coolly unbuckling the girths of the baggage-horse, without condescending even to answer our appeal with a look. The Mussulman idlers of the *café* opposite took their pipes from their mouths and smiled. The gay *cafejee* went about his arrangements for our accommodation, quite certain that we were there for the night. I had given up the point myself, when one of my companions, with a look of the most confident triumph, walked up to the suridjee, and, tapping him on the shoulder, held before his eyes a paper with the seal of the pasha of Smyrna in broad characters at the top. After the astonished Turk had looked at it for a moment, he commenced in good round English and poured upon him a volume of incoherent rhapsody, slapping the paper violently with his hand and pointing to the road. The effect was instantaneous. The girth was hastily rebuckled, and the frightened suridjee put

his hand to his head in token of submission, mounted in the greatest hurry, and rode out of the court of the caravanserai. The *cafejee* made his salaam, and the spectators wished us respectfully a good journey. The magic paper was an old passport, and our friend had calculated securely on the natural dread of the incomprehensible, quite sure that there was not more than one man in the village that could read, and none short of Smyrna who could understand his English.

The plain between Casabar and Achmet-lee is quite a realisation of poetry. It is twelve miles of soft, bright green-sward, broken only with clumps of luxuriant oleanders, an occasional cluster of the "black tents of Kedar" with their flocks about them, and here and there a loose and grazing camel indolently lifting his broad foot from the grass as if he felt the coolness and verdure to its spongy core. One's heart seems to stay behind as he rides onward through such places.

The village of Achmet-lee consists of a coffee-house with a single room. We arrived about

sunset, and found the fireplace surrounded by six or seven Turks, squatted on their hams, travellers like ourselves, who had arrived before us. There was fortunately a second fireplace, which was soon blazing with fagots of fig and oleander, and, with a *pillaw* between us, we crooked our tired legs under us on the earthen floor, and made ourselves as comfortable as a total absence of every comfort would permit. The mingled smoke of tobacco and the chimney drove me out of doors as soon as our greasy meal was finished, and the contrast was enough to make one in love with nature. The moon was quite full, and pouring her light down through the transparent and dazzling sky of the East with indescribable splendour. The fires of twenty or thirty caravans were blazing in the fields around, and the low cries of the camels, and the hum of voices from the various groups, were mingled with the sound of a stream that came noisily down its rocky channel from the nearest spur of Mount Tmolus. I walked up and down the narrow camel-path till midnight; and if the kingly spirits of ancient Lydia did not keep me company in the neighbourhood of their giant

graves, it was perhaps because the feet that trod down their ashes came from a world of which Crœsus and Abyattis never heard.

The sin of late rising is seldom chargeable upon an earthen bed, and we were in the saddle by sunrise, breathing an air that, after our smoky cabin, was like a spice-wind from Arabia. Winding round the base of the chain of mountains which we had followed for twenty or thirty miles, we ascended a little, after a brisk trot of two or three hours, and came in sight of the citadel of ancient Sardis, perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a slender rock. A natural terrace, perhaps a hundred feet above the plain, expanded from the base of the hill, and this was the commanding site of the capital of Lydia. Dividing us from it ran the classic and "golden-sanded" Pactolus, descending from the mountains in a small, narrow valley, covered with a verdure so fresh, that it requires some power of fancy to realise that a crowded empire ever swarmed on its borders. Crossing the small, bright stream, we rode along the other bank, winding up its ascending curve, and dismounted at the ruins of

the Temple of Cybele, a heap of gigantic fragments strown confusedly over the earth, with two majestic columns rising lone and beautiful into the air.

A Dutch artist, who was of our party, spread his drawing-board and pencils upon one of the fallen Ionic capitals; the suridjee tied his horses' heads together, and laid himself at his length upon the grass, and the rest of us ascended the long steep hill to the citadel. With some loss of breath, and a battle with the dogs of a gipsy encampment, hidden so as almost to be invisible among the shrubbery of the hill-side, we stood at last upon a peak, crested with one tottering remnant of a wall, the remains of a castle, whose foundations have crumbled beneath it. It looks as if the next rain must send the whole mass into the valley.

It puzzled my unmilitary brain to conceive how Alexander and his Macedonians climbed these airy precipices, if taking the citadel was a part of his conquest of Lydia. The fortifications in the rear have a sheer descent from their solid walls of two or three hundred perpendicular feet, with

scarce a vine clinging by the way. I left my companions discussing the question, and walked to the other edge of the hill, overlooking the immense plains below. The tumuli which mark the sepulchres of the kings of Lydia rose like small hills on the opposite and distant bank of the Hermus. The broad fields, which were once the "wealth of Crœsus," lay still fertile and green along the banks of their historic river. Thyatira and Philadelphia were almost within reach of my eye, and I stood upon Sardis—in the midst of the sites of the Seven Churches. Below lay the path of the myriad armies of Persia, on their march to Greece: here Alexander pitched his tents after the battle of Granicus, whiling away the winter in the lap of captive Lydia; and over the small ruin just discernible on the southern bank of the Pactolus, "the angel of the church of Sardis" brooded with his protecting wings, till the few who had "not defiled their garments" were called to "walk in white," in the promised reward of the Apocalypse.

We descended again to the Temple of Cybele, and, mounting our horses, rode down to the

Palace of Crœsus. Parts of the outer walls, the bases of the portico, and the marble steps of an inner court, are all that remain of the splendour that Solon was called upon in vain to admire. With the permission of six or seven storks, whose coarse nests were built upon the highest points of the ruins, we selected the broadest of the marble blocks lying in the deserted area, and, spreading our travellers' breakfast upon it, forgot even the kingly builder in our well-earned appetites.

There are three parallel walls remaining of the ancient church of Sardis. They stand on a gentle slope, just above the edge of the Pactolus, and might easily be rebuilt into a small chapel, with only the materials within them. There are many other ruins on the site of the city, but none designated by a name. We loitered about, collecting relics, and indulging our fancies, till the suridjee reminded us of the day's journey before us; and with a drink from the Pactolus, and a farewell look at the beautiful Ionic columns standing on its lonely bank, we put spurs to our horses and galloped once more down into the valley.

Our Turkish saddles grew softer on the third

day's journey, and we travelled more at ease. I found the freedom and solitude of the wide and unfenced country growing at every mile more upon my liking. The heart expands as one gives his horse the rein and gallops over these wild paths without toll-gate or obstacle. I can easily understand the feeling of Ali Bey on his return to Europe from the East.

Our fourth day's journey lay through the valley between Tmolus and Semering—the fairest portion of the dominions of Timour the Tartar. How gracefully shaped were those slopes to the mountains! How bright the rivers! How green the banks! How like a new created and still unpeopled world it seemed, with every tree and flower and fruit, the perfect model of its kind!

Leaving the secluded village of Nymphi nested in the mountains on our left, as we approached the end of our circuitous journey, we entered early in the afternoon the long plains of Hadjilar, and with tired horses and (*malgré* romance) an agreeable anticipation of Christian beds and supper, we dismounted in Smyrna at sunset.

LETTER V.

Smyrna—Charms of its society—Hospitality of foreign residents—The Marina—The Casino—A narrow escape from the plague—Departure of the frigate—American navy—A tribute of respect and gratitude—The farewell.

DEC. 1833.

WHAT can I say of Smyrna? Its mosques and bazaars scarce deserve description after those of Constantinople. It has neither pictures, scenery, nor any peculiarities of costume or manners. There are no "lions" here. It is only one of the most agreeable places in the world, exactly the sort of thing that (without compelling private individuals to sit for their portraits,) * is the least

* A courteous old traveller, of the last century, whose book I have somewhere fallen in with, indulges his recollections of

describable. Of the fortnight of constant pleasure that I have passed here, I do not well know how I can eke out half a page that would amuse you.

The society of Smyrna has some advantages over that of any other city I have seen. It is composed entirely of the families of merchants, who, separated from the Turkish inhabitants, occupy a distinct quarter of the town, are responsible only to their consuls, and having no nobility above, and none but dependents below them, live in a state of cordial republican equality that is not found even in America. They are of all nations, and the principal languages of Europe are spoken by every body. Hospitality is carried to an extent more like the golden age than these "days of iron;" and, as a necessary result of the free mix-

Smyrna with less scruple. "Mrs. B." he says, "who has travelled a great deal, is mistress of both French and Italian. The Misses W. are all amiable young ladies. A Miss A., whose name is expressive of the passion she inspires, without being beautiful, possesses a *je ne scais quoi*, which fascinates more than beauty itself. Not to love her, one must never have seen her. And who would not be captivated by the vivacity of Miss B.?" How charming thus to go about the world, describing the fairest of its wonders, instead of stupid mountains and rivers!

ture of languages and feelings, there is a degree of information and liberality of sentiment among them, united to a free and joyous tone of manners and habits of living, that is quite extraordinary in men of their care-fraught profession. Our own country, I am proud to say, is most honourably represented. There is no traveller to the East, of any nation, who does not carry away with him from Smyrna grateful recollections of one at least whose hospitality is as open as his gate. This living over warehouses of opium, I am inclined to think, is healthy for the heart.

After having seen the packing of figs; wondered at the enormous burdens carried by the porters; ridden to Bougiar and the castle on the hill, and admired the caravan of the Bey-Oglou, whose camels are, certainly, the handsomest that come into Smyrna, one has nothing to do but dine, dance, and walk on the Marina. The last is a circumstance the traveller does well not to miss. A long street extends along the bay, lined with the houses of the rich merchants of the town, and for the two hours before sunset, every family is to be seen sitting outside its door upon the public pavement, while

beaux and belles stroll up and down in all the gaiety of perpetual holiday. They are the most out-of-doors people, the Smyrniotes, that I have ever seen. And one reason perhaps is, that they have a beauty which has nothing to fear from the daylight. The rich, classic, glowing faces of the Greeks, the paler and livelier French, the serious and impassioned Italian, the blooming English, and the shrinking and fragile American, mingle together in this concourse of grace and elegance like the varied flowers in the garden. I would match Smyrna against the world for beauty. And then such sociability, such primitive cordiality of manners as you find among them! It is quite a Utopia. You would think that little republic of merchants, separate from the Christian world on a heathen shore, had commenced *de novo*, from Eden—ignorant as yet of jealousy, envy, suspicion, and the other ingredients with which the old world mingles up its refinements. It is a very pleasant place, Smyrna.

The stranger, on his arrival, is immediately introduced to the Casino—a large palace, supported by the subscription of the residents, containing a

reading-room furnished with all the gazettes and reviews of Europe, a ball-room frequently used, a coffee-room whence the delicious mocha is brought to you whenever you enter, billiard-tables, card-rooms, &c. &c. The merchants are all members, and any member can introduce a stranger, and give him all the privileges of the place during his stay in the city. It is a courtesy that is not a little drawn upon. English, French, and American ships of war are almost always in the port, and the officers are privileged guests. Every traveller to the East passes by Smyrna, and there are always numbers at the Casino. In fact, the hospitality of this kindest of cities has not the usual demerit of being rarely called upon. It seems to have grown with the demand for it.

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Idling away the time very agreeably at Smyrna, waiting for a vessel to go—I care not where. I have offered myself as a passenger in the first ship that sails. I rather lean toward Palestine and Egypt, but there are no vessels for Jaffa or Alexandria. A brig, crowded with hajjis to Jerusalem, sailed on the first day of my arrival at Smyrna, and

I was on the point of a hasty embarkation, when my good angel, in the shape of a sudden caprice, sent me off to Sardis. The plague broke out on board immediately on leaving the port, and nearly the whole ship's company perished at sea!

There are plenty of vessels bound to Trieste and the United States, but there would be nothing new to me in Illyria and Lombardy; and much as I love my country, I am more enamoured for the present of my "sandal-shoon." Besides, I have a yearning to the south, and the cold "Bora" of that bellows-like Adriatic, and the cutting winter winds of my native shore, chill me even in the thought. Meantime I breathe an air borrowed by December of May, and sit with my windows open, warming myself in a broad beam of the soft sun of Asia. With such "appliances" even suspense is agreeable.

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The commodore sailed this morning for his winter-quarters in Minorca. I watched the ship's preparations for departure from the balcony of the hotel, with a heavy heart. Her sails dropped from the yards, her head turned slowly

outward as the anchor brought away, and with a light breeze in her topsails the gallant frigate moved majestically down the harbour, and in an hour was a speck on the horizon. She had been my home for more than six months. I had seen from her deck, and visited in her boats, some of the fairest portions of the world. She had borne me to Sicily, to Illyria, to the Isles and shore of Greece, to Marmora and the Bosphorus; and the thousand lovely pictures with which that long summer voyage had stored my memory, and the thousand adventures and still more numerous kindnesses and courtesies, linked with these interesting scenes, crowded on my mind as the noble ship receded from my eye, with an emotion that I could not repress.

There is a "pomp and circumstance" about a man-of-war, which is exceedingly fascinating. Her imposing structure and appearance; the manly and deferential etiquette; the warlike appointment and impressive order upon her decks; the ready and gallantly manned boat; the stirring music of the band, and the honour and attention with which her officers are received in every

port, conspire in keeping awake an excitement, a kind of chivalrous elation, which, it seems to me, would almost make a hero of a man of straw. From the hoarse "seven bells, Sir!" with which you are turned out of your hammock in the morning, to the blast of the bugle and the report of the evening gun, it is one succession of elevating sights and sounds, without any of that approach to the ridiculous which accompanies the sublime or the impressive on shore.

From the comparisons I have made between our own and the ships of war of other nations, I think we may well be proud of our navy. I had learned in Europe, long before joining the 'United States,' that the respect we exact from foreigners is paid more to America afloat, than to a continent they think as far off at least as the moon. They see our men-of-war, and they know very well what they have done, and from the appearance and character of our officers, what they might do again—and there is a tangibility in the deductions from knowledge and eye-sight, which beats books and statistics. I have heard Englishmen deny, one by one, every claim we have to

political and moral superiority; but I have found no one illiberal enough to refuse a compliment, and a handsome one, to *Yankee* ships.

I consider myself, I repeat, particularly fortunate to have made a cruise on board an American frigate. It is a chapter of observation in itself, which is worth much to any one. But, in addition to this, it was my good fortune to have happened upon a cruise directed by a mind full of taste and desire for knowledge, and a cruise which had for its principal objects improvement and information. Commodore Patterson knew the ground well, and was familiar with the history and localities of the interesting countries visited by the ship; and every possible facility and encouragement was given by him to all to whom the subjects and places were new. An enlightened and enterprising traveller himself, he was the best of advisers and the best and kindest of guides. I take pleasure in recording almost unlimited obligations to him.

And so, to the gallant ship—to the "warlike world within"—to the decks I have so often promenaded, and the moonlight watches I have so

often shared—to the groups of manly faces I have learned to know so well—to the drum-beat and the bugle-call, and the stirring music of the band—to the hammock in which I swung and slept so soundly—and last and nearest my heart, to the gay and hospitable mess with whom for six happy months I have been a guest and a friend, whose feelings I have learned but to honour my country more, and whose society has become to me even a painful want—to all this catalogue of happiness, I am bidding a heavy-hearted farewell. Luck and Heaven's blessing to ship and company!

LETTER VI.

MILAN.

Journey through Italy — Bologna — Malibran — Parma — Nightingales of Lombardy—Piacenza—Austrian soldiers—The Simplon — Milan — Resemblance to Paris — The cathedral—Guercino's Hagar—Milanese exclusiveness.

MAY, 1834.

MY fifth journey over the Appenines—dull of course. On the second evening we were at Bologna. The long colonnades pleased me less than before, with their crowds of foreign officers and ill-dressed inhabitants; and a placard for the opera, announcing Malibran's last night, relieved us of the prospect of a long evening of weariness. The divine music of *La Norma*, and a crowded and brilliant audience, enthusiastic in their ap-

plause, seemed to inspire this still incomparable creature even beyond her wont. She sang with a fulness, an abandonment, a passionate energy and sweetness that seemed to come from a soul rapt and possessed beyond control with the melody it had undertaken. They were never done calling her on the stage after the curtain had fallen. After six re-appearances, she came out once more to the foot-lights, and murmuring something inaudible from lips that showed strong agitation, she pressed her hands together, bowed till her long hair, falling over her shoulders, nearly touched her feet, and retired in tears. She is the siren of Europe for me !

I was happy to have no more to do with the Duke of Modena, than to eat a dinner in his capital. We did not "forget the picture," but my inquiries for it were as fruitless as before. I wonder whether the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" has the pleasure of remembering having seen the picture himself. "Tassoni's bucket, which is not the true one," is still shown in the Tower, and the keeper will kiss the cross upon his fingers, that Samuel Rogers has written a false line.

At Parma we ate parmesan, and saw *the* Correggio. The angel who holds the book up to the infant Saviour; the female laying her cheek to his feet; the countenance of the holy child himself, are creations that seem apart from all else in the schools of painting. They are like a group, not from life, but from heaven. They are superhuman, and, unlike other pictures of beauty, which stir the heart as if they resembled something one had loved or might have loved, these mount into the fancy like things transcending sympathy, and only within reach of an intellectual and elevated wonder. This is the picture that Sir Thomas Lawrence returned six times in one day to see. It is the only thing I saw to admire in the duchy of Maria Louisa. An Austrian regiment marched into the town as we left it, and an Italian at the gate told us that the Duchess had disbanded her last troops of the country, and supplied their place with these yellow and black Croats and Illyrians. Italy is Austria now to the foot of the Appenines—if not to the top of Radicofani.

Lombardy is full of nightingales. They sing

by *day*, however, (as not specified in poetry.) They are up quite as early as the lark, and the green hedges are alive with their gurgling and changeful music till twilight. Nothing can exceed the fertility of these endless plains. They are four or five hundred miles of uninterrupted garden. The same eternal level road; the same rows of elms and poplars on either side; the same long, slimy canals; the same square, vine-laced, perfectly green pastures and corn-fields; the same shaped houses; the same voiced beggars with the same sing-song whine, and the same villanous Austrians poring over your passports and asking to be paid for it, from the Alps to the Appenines. It is wearisome, spite of green leaves and nightingales. A bare rock or a good brigand-looking mountain would so refresh the eye!

At Piacenza, one of those admirable German bands was playing in the public square, while a small corps of picked men were manœuvred. Even an Italian, I should think, though he knew and felt it was the music of his oppressors, might have been pleased to listen. And pleased they seemed to be—for there were hundreds of dark-

haired and well-made men, with faces and forms for heroes, standing and keeping time to the well-played instruments, as peacefully as if there were no such thing as liberty, and no meaning in the foreign uniforms crowding them from their own pavement. And there were the women of Piacenza, nodding from the balconies to the white mustachios and padded coats strutting below, and you would never dream Italy thought herself wronged, watching the exchange of courtesies between her dark-eyed daughters and these fair-haired coxcombs.

We crossed the Po, and entered Austria's *nominal* dominions. They rummaged our baggage as if they smelt republicanism somewhere; and after showing a strong disposition to retain a volume of very bad poetry as suspicious, and detaining us two long hours, they had the modesty to ask to be paid for letting us off lightly. When we declined it, the *chef* threatened us a precious searching "*the next time.*" How willingly I would submit to the annoyance to have that *next time* assured to me! Every step I

take toward the bounds of Italy pulls so upon my heart!

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As most travellers come into Italy over the Simplon, Milan makes generally the first enthusiastic chapter in their books. I have reversed the order myself, and have a better right to praise it from comparison. For exterior, there is certainly no city in Italy comparable to it. The streets are broad and noble; the buildings magnificent; the pavement quite the best in Europe; and the Milanese (all of whom I presume I have seen, for it is Sunday, and the streets swarm with them,) are better dressed, and look "better to do in the world" than the Tuscans, who are gayer and more Italian, and the Romans, who are graver and vastly handsomer. Milan is quite like Paris. The showy and mirror-lined *cafés;* the elegant shops; the variety of strange people and costumes, and a new gallery lately opened in imitation of the glass-roofed *passages* of the French capital, make one almost feel that the next turn will bring him upon the Boulevards.

The famous cathedral, nearly completed by Napoleon, is a sort of Aladdin creation, too delicate and beautiful for the open air. The filmy traceries of gothic fretwork; the needle-like minarets; the hundreds of beautiful statues with which it is studded; the intricate, graceful, and bewildering architecture of every window and turret, and the frost-like frailness and delicacy of the whole mass, make an effect altogether upon the eye that must stand high on the list of new sensations. It is a vast structure withal; but a middling easterly breeze, one would think, in looking at it, would lift it from its base, and bear it over the Atlantic like the meshes of a cobweb. Neither interior nor exterior impresses you with the feeling of awe common to other large churches. The sun struggles through the immense windows of painted glass, staining every pillar and carved cornice with the richest hues; and wherever the eye wanders, it grows giddy with the wilderness of architecture. The people on their knees are like paintings in the strong artificial light; the checkered pavement seems trembling with a quivering radiance; the altar is far and indistinct, and the

lamps burning over the tomb of Saint Carlo shine out from the centre like gems glistening in the midst of some enchanted hall. This reads very like rhapsody, but it is the way the place impressed me. It is like a great dream. Its excessive beauty scarce seems constant while the eye rests upon it.

The *Brera* is a noble palace, occupied by the public galleries of statuary and painting. I felt on leaving Florence that I could give pictures a very long holiday. To live on them, as one does in Italy, is like dining from morn till night. The famous Guercino is at Milan, however,—the "Hagar," which Byron talks of so enthusiastically, and I once more surrendered myself to a cicerone. The picture catches your eye on your first entrance. There is that harmony and effect in the colour that mark a master-piece, even in a passing glance. Abraham stands in the centre of the group, a fine, prophet-like "green old man," with a mild decision in his eye, from which there is evidently no appeal. Sarah has turned her back, and you can just read in the half-profile glance of her face that there is a little

pity mingled in her hard-hearted approval of her rival's banishment. But Hagar—who can describe the world of meaning in her face? The closed lips have in them a calm incredulousness, contradicted with wonderful nature in the flushed and troubled forehead, and the eyes red with long weeping. The gourd of water is hung over her shoulder, her hand is turning her sorrowful boy from the door, and she has looked back once more, with a large tear coursing down her cheek, to read in the face of her master if she is indeed driven forth for ever. It is the instant before pride and despair close over her heart. You see in the picture that the next moment is the crisis of her life. Her gaze is straining upon the old man's lips, and you wait breathlessly to see her draw up her bending form, and depart in proud sorrow for the wilderness. It is a piece of powerful and passionate poetry. It affects you like nothing but a reality. The eyes get warm, and the heart beats quick; and as you walk away you feel as if a load of oppressive sympathy was lifting from your heart.

I have seen little else in Milan, except Austrian

soldiers, of whom there are fifteen thousand in this single capital! The government has issued an order to officers not on duty, to appear in citizen's dress; it is supposed to diminish the appearance of so much military preparation.

For the rest, they make a kind of coffee here, by boiling it with cream, which is better than any thing of the kind either in Paris or Constantinople; and the Milanese are, for slaves, the most civil people I have seen, after the Florentines. There is little English society; I know not why, except that the Italians are rich enough to be exclusive, and make their houses difficult of access to strangers.

LETTER VII.

LOMBARDY—AUSTRIA—THE ALPS.

A melancholy procession—Lago Maggiore—Isola Bella—the Simplon—Meeting a fellow-countryman—The valley of the Rhone.

MAY, 1834.

IN going out of the gates of Milan, we met a cart full of peasants, tied together and guarded by *gens-d'armes*—the fifth sight of the kind that has crossed us since we passed the Austrian border. The poor fellows looked very innocent and very sorry. The extent of their offences probably might be the want of a passport, and a desire to step over the limits of his majesty's possessions. A train of beautiful horses, led by soldiers along the ramparts, (the property of the Austrian officers,) were in melancholy contrast to their sad faces.

The clear snowy Alps soon came in sight, and their cold beauty refreshed us in the midst of a heat that prostrated every nerve in the system. It is only the first of May, and they are mowing the grass everywhere on the road, the trees are in their fullest leaf, the frogs and nightingales singing each other down, and the grasshopper would be a burden. Toward night we crossed the Sardinian frontier, and in an hour were set down at an auberge on the bank of Lake Maggiore, in the little town of Arona. The mountains on the other side of the broad and mirror-like water are specked with ruined castles; here and there a boat is leaving its long line of ripples behind in its course; the cattle are loitering home; the peasants sit on the benches before their doors; and all the lovely circumstances of a rural summer's sunset are about us, in one of the very loveliest spots in nature. A very old Florence friend is my companion, and what with mutual reminiscences of sunny Tuscany, and the deepest love in common for the sky over our heads, and the green land around us, we are noting down "red days" in our calendar of travel.

We walked from Arona by sunrise, four or five miles along the borders of Lake Maggiore. The kind-hearted peasants on their way to the market raised their hats to us in passing, and I was happy that the greeting was still "*buon giorno.*" Those dark-lined mountains before us were to separate me too soon from the mellow accents in which it was spoken. As yet, however, it was all Italian—the ultra-marine sky, the clear half-purpled hills, the inspiring air—we felt in every pulse that it was still Italy.

We were at Baveno at an early hour, and took a boat for *Isola Bella.* It looks like a gentleman's villa afloat. A boy might throw a stone entirely over it in any direction. It strikes you like a kind of toy as you look at it from a distance, and, getting nearer, the illusion scarcely dissipates—for, from the water's edge, the orange-laden terraces are piled one above another like a pyramidal fruit-basket; the villa itself peers above like a sugar castle, and it scarce seems real enough to land upon. We pulled round to the northern side, and disembarked at a broad stone staircase, where a cicerone, with a look of sup-

pressed wisdom common to his vocation, met us with the offer of his services.

The entrance-hall was hung with old armour, and a magnificent suite of apartments above, opening on all sides upon the lake, was lined thickly with pictures—none of them remarkable except one or two landscapes by the savage Tempesta. Travellers going the other way would probably admire the collection more than we. We were glad to be handed over by our pragmatical custode to a pretty contadina, who announced herself as the gardener's daughter, and gave us each a bunch of roses. It was a proper commencement to an acquaintance upon Isola Bella. She led the way to the water's edge, where, in the foundations of the palace, a suite of eight or ten spacious rooms is constructed *à la grotte*—with a pavement laid of small stones of different colours; walls and roof of fantastically set shells and pebbles, and statues that seem to have reason in their nudity. The only light came in at the long doors opening down to the lake; and the deep leather sofas, and dark cool atmosphere, with the light break of the waves outside, and the long views away toward Isola

Madre, and the far-off opposite shore, composed altogether a most seductive spot for an indolent humour and a summer's day. I shall keep it as a cool recollection till sultry summers trouble me no more.

But the garden was the prettiest place. The lake is lovely enough any way; but to look at it through perspectives of orange alleys, and have the blue mountains broken by stray branches of tulip-trees, clumps of crimson rhododendron, and clusters of citron, yellower than gold—to sit on a garden-seat in the shade of a thousand roses, with sweet-scented shrubs and verbenums, and a mixture of novel and delicious perfumes embalming the air about you, and gaze up at snowy Alps and sharp precipices, and down upon a broad smooth mirror in which the islands lie like clouds, and over which the boats are silently creeping with their white sails, like birds asleep in the sky—why, (not to disparage nature,) it seems to my poor judgment, that these artificial appliances are an improvement even to Lago Maggiore.

On one side, without the villa walls, are two or three small houses, one of which is occupied as a

hotel; and here, if I had a friend with matrimony in his eye, would I strongly recommend lodgings for the honeymoon. A prettier cage for a pair of billing doves no poet would conceive you.

We got on to Domo d'Ossola to sleep, saying many an oft-said thing about the entrance to the valleys of the Alps. They seem common when spoken of, these romantic places, but they are not the less new in the glow of a first impression.

We were a little in start of the sun this morning, and commenced the ascent of the Simplon by a gray summer's dawn, before which the last bright star had not yet faded. From Domo d'Ossola we rose directly into the mountains, and soon wound into the wildest glens by a road which was flung along precipices and over chasms and water-falls like a waving riband. The horses went on at a round trot, and so skilfully are the difficulties of the ascent surmounted, that we could not believe we had passed the spot that from below hung above us so appallingly. The route follows the foaming river Vedro, which frets and plunges along at its side or beneath its hanging bridges, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, where

the stream is swollen at every short distance with pretty waterfalls—messengers from the melting snows on the summits. There was one, a water-*slide* rather than a fall, which I stopped long to admire. It came from near the peak of the mountain, leaping at first from a green clump of firs, and descending a smooth inclined plane, of perhaps two hundred feet. The effect was like drapery of the most delicate lace, dropping into festoons from the hand. The slight waves overtook each other and mingled and separated, always preserving their elliptical and foaming curves, till, in a smooth scoop near the bottom, they gathered into a snowy mass, and leaped into the Vedro in the shape of a twisted shell. If wishing could have witched it into Mr. Cole's sketch-book, he would have a new variety of water for his next composition.

After seven hours' driving, which scarce seemed ascending but for the snow and ice and the clear air it brought us into, we stopped to breakfast at the village of Simplon, "three thousand two hundred and sixteen feet above the sea level." Here we first realized that we had left Italy. The land-

lady spoke French, and the postilions German! My sentiment has grown threadbare with travel, but I don't mind confessing that the circumstance gave me an unpleasant thickness in the throat. I threw open the southern window, and looked back toward the marshes of Lombardy, and if I did not say the poetical thing, it was because

"It is the silent grief that cuts the heart-strings."

In sober sadness, one may well regret any country where his life has been filled fuller than elsewhere of sunshine and gladness; and such, by a thousand enchantments, has Italy been to me. Its climate is life in my nostrils; its hills and valleys are the poetry of such things; and its marbles, pictures, and palaces beset the soul like the very necessities of existence. You can exist elsewhere, but, oh! you *live* in Italy!

I was sitting by my English companion on a sledge in front of the hotel, enjoying the sunshine, when the Diligence drove up, and six or eight young men alighted. One of them walking up and down the road to get the cramp of a confined seat out of his legs, addressed a remark to us in Eng-

lish. We had neither of us seen him before, but we exclaimed simultaneously, as he turned away, "That's an American." "How did you know he was not an Englishman?" I asked. "Because," said my friend, "he spoke to us without an introduction and without a reason, as Englishmen are not in the habit of doing, and because he ended his sentence with 'Sir,' as no Englishman does except he is talking to an inferior, or wishes to insult you." "And how did *you* know it?" asked he. "Partly by instinct," I answered, "but more because, though a traveller, he wears a new hat that cost him ten dollars, and a new cloak that cost him fifty; (a peculiarly American extravagance;) because he made no inclination of his body either in addressing or leaving us, though his intention was to be civil; and because he used fine dictionary words to express a common idea, which, by the way, too, betrays his southern breeding. And, if you want other evidence, he has just asked the gentleman near him to ask the conducteur something about his breakfast, and an American is the only man in the world that ventures to come abroad without at least French enough to keep

himself from starving." It may appear ill-natured to write down such criticisms on one's own countryman; but the national peculiarities by which we are distinguished from foreigners, seemed so well defined in this instance, that I thought it worth mentioning. We found afterward that our conjecture was right. His name and country were on the brass plate of his portmanteau in most legible letters, and I recognised it directly as the address of an amiable and excellent man, of whom I had once or twice heard in Italy, though I had never before happened to meet him. Three of the faults oftenest charged upon our countrymen, are over-fine clothes, over-fine words, and over-fine or over-free manners.

From Simplon we drove two or three miles between heaps of snow, lying in some places from six to ten feet deep. Seven hours before, we had ridden through fields of grain almost ready for the harvest! After passing one or two galleries built over the road to protect it from the avalanches where it ran beneath the loftier precipices, we got out of the snow, and saw Brigg, the small town at the foot of the Simplon, on the other side, lying

almost directly beneath us. It looked as if one might toss his cap down into its pretty gardens. Yet we were four or five hours in reaching it, by a road that seemed in most parts scarcely to descend at all. The views down the valley of the Rhone, which opened continually before us, were of exquisite beauty. The river itself, which is here near its source, looked like a meadow rivulet in its silver windings; and the gigantic Helvetian Alps, which rose in their snow on the other side of the valley, were glittering in the slant rays of a declining sun, and of a grandeur of size and outline which diminished, even more than distance, the river and the clusters of villages at their feet.

LETTER VIII.

SWITZERLAND.

La Valais—The cretins and the goitres—A Frenchman's opinion of Niagara—Lake Leman—Castle of Chillon—Rocks of Meillerie — Republican air — Mont Blanc — Geneva.

MAY, 1834.

WE have been two days and a half loitering down through the Swiss canton of La Valais, and admiring every hour the magnificence of these snow-capped and green-footed Alps. The little chalets seem just lodged by accident on the crags, or stuck against slopes so steep, that the mowers of the mountain-grass are literally let down by ropes to their dizzy occupation. The goats alone seem to have an exemption from all ordinary laws

of gravitation, feeding against cliffs which it makes one giddy to look on only; and the short-waisted girls, dropping a courtesy and blushing as they pass the stranger, emerge from the little mountain-paths, and stop by the first spring to put on their shoes and arrange their ribands coquetishly before entering the village.

The two dreadful curses of these valleys meet one at every step—the *cretins*, or natural fools, of which there is at least one in every family; and the *goitre*, or swelled throat, to which there is hardly an exception among the women. It really makes travelling in Switzerland a melancholy business, with all its beauty; at every turn in the road, a gibbering and mowing idiot, and in every group of females, a disgusting array of excrescences too common even to be concealed. Really, to see girls that else were beautiful, arrayed in all their holiday finery, but with a defect that makes them monsters to the unaccustomed eye—their throats swollen to the size of their heads, seems to me one of the most curious and pitiable things I have met with in my wanderings. Many attempts have been made to account for the

growth of the *goitre*, but it is yet unexplained. The men are not so subject to it as the women, though among them, even, it is frightfully common. But how account for the continual production by ordinary parents of this brute race of *cretins*? They all look alike—dwarfish, large-mouthed, grinning, and of hideous features and expression. It is said that the children of strangers, born in the valley, are very likely to be idiots, resembling the cretin exactly. It seems a supernatural curse upon the land. The Valaisians, however, consider it a blessing to have one in the family.

The dress of the women of La Valais is excessively unbecoming, and a pretty face is rare. Their manners are kind and polite, and at the little *auberges*, where we have stopped on the road, there has been a cleanliness and a generosity in the supply of the table, which prove virtues among them not found in Italy.

At Turttmann, we made a little excursion into the mountains to see a cascade. It falls about a hundred feet, and has just now more water than usual from the melting of the snows. It is a

pretty fall. A Frenchman writes in the book of the hotel, that he has seen Niagara and Trenton Falls, in America, and that they do not compare with the cascade of Turttmann!

From Martigny the scenery began to grow richer, and, after passing the celebrated Fall of Pissevache, (which springs from the top of a high Alp almost into the road, and is really a splendid cascade,) we approached Lake Leman in a gorgeous sunset. We rose a slight hill, and over the broad sheet of water on the opposite shore, reflected with all its towers in a mirror of gold, lay the Castle of Chillon. A bold green mountain rose steeply behind; the sparkling village of Vevey lay farther down on the water's edge; and away toward the sinking sun, stretched the long chain of the Jura, tinted with all the hues of a dolphin. Never was such a lake of beauty—or it never sat so pointedly for its picture. Mountains and water, chateaux and shallops, vineyards and verdure, could do no more. We left the carriage and walked three or four miles along the southern bank under the "Rocks of Meillerie," and the spirit of St. Preux's Julie, if she haunt the scene where she caught her

death, of a sunset in May, is the most enviable of ghosts. I do not wonder at the prating in albums of Lake Leman. For me, it is (after Val d'Arno from Fiesole) the *ne plus ultra* of a scenery Paradise.

We are stopping for the night at St. Gingoulf, on a swelling bank of the lake, and we have been lying under the trees in front of the hotel till the last perceptible tint is gone from the sky over Jura. Two pedestrian gentlemen, with knapsacks and dogs, have just arrived; and a whole family of French people, including parrots and monkeys, came in before us, and are deafening the house with their chattering. A cup of coffee, and then good night!

My companion, who has travelled all over Europe on foot, confirms my opinion that there is no drive on the Continent equal to the forty miles between the rocks of Meillerie and Geneva, on the southern bank of the Leman. The lake is not often much broader than the Hudson: the shores are the noble mountains sung so gloriously by Childe Harold: Vevey, Lausanne, Copet, and a string of smaller villages, all famous in poetry

and story, fringe the opposite water's edge with cottages and villages, while you wind for ever along a green lane following the bend of the shore, the road as level as your hall pavement, and green hills massed up with trees and verdure, overshadowing you continually. The world has a great many sweet spots in it, and I have found many a one which would make fitting scenery for the brightest act of life's changeful drama—but here is one, where it seems to me as difficult not to feel genial and kindly, as for Taglioni to keep from floating away like a smoke-curl when she is dancing in La Bayadere.

We passed a bridge and drew in a long breath to try the difference in the air—we were in the *republic* of Geneva. It smelt very much as it did in the dominions of his majesty of Sardinia—sweet-briar, hawthorn, violets and all. I used to think when I first came from America, that the flowers (republicans by nature as well as birds) were less fragrant under a monarchy.

Mont Blanc loomed up very white in the south; but, like other distinguished persons of whom we form an opinion from the descriptions of poets,

the " monarch of mountains " did not seem to me so *very* superior to his fellows. After a look or two at him as we approached Geneva, I ceased straining my head out of the cabriolet, and devoted my eyes to things more within the scale of my affections—the scores of lovely villas sprinkling the hills and valleys by which we approached the city. Sweet—sweet places they are, to be sure! And then, the month is May, and the straw-bonneted and white-aproned girl,—ladies and peasants alike,—were all out at their porches and balconies; lover-like couples were sauntering down the park-lanes; *one* servant passed us with a tri-cornered blue billet-doux between his thumb and finger; the nightingales were singing their very hearts away to the new-blown roses, and a sense of summer and seventeen, days of sunshine and sonnet-making, came over me irresistibly. I should like to see June out in Geneva.

The little steamer that makes the tour of Lake Leman began to " fizz" by sunrise directly under the windows of our hotel. We were soon on the pier, where our entrance into the boat was obstructed by a cluster of weeping girls, embracing

and parting very unwillingly with a young lady of some eighteen years, who was lovely enough to have been wept for by as many grown-up gentlemen. Her own tears were under better government, though her sealed lips showed that she dared not trust herself with her voice. After another and another lingering kiss, the boatman expressed some impatience, and she tore herself from their arms and stepped into the waiting *bateau*. We were soon alongside the steamer, and sooner under weigh, and then, having given one wave of her handkerchief to the pretty and sad group on the shore, our fair fellow-passenger gave way to her feelings, and, sinking upon a seat, burst into a passionate flood of tears. There was no obtruding on such sorrow, and the next hour or two were employed by my imagination in filling up the little drama of which we had seen but the touching conclusion.

I was pleased to find the boat (a new one) called the "Winkelreid," in compliment to the vessel which makes the same voyage in Cooper's "Headsman of Berne." The day altogether had begun like a chapter in romance—

"Lake Leman woo'd us with its crystal face,"

but there was the filmiest conceivable veil of mist over its unruffled mirror, and the green uplands that rose from its edge had a softness like dream-land upon their verdure. I know not whether the tearful girl whose head was drooping over the railing felt the sympathy, but I could not help thanking nature for her in my heart, the whole scene was so of the complexion of her own feelings. I could have "thrown my ring into the sea," like Policrates Samius, "to have cause for sadness too."

The "Winkelreid" has (for a republican steamer) rather the aristocratical arrangement of making those who walk *aft* the funnel pay twice as much as those who choose to promenade *forward* —for no earthly reason that I can divine, other than that those who pay dearest have the full benefit of the oily gases from the machinery, while the humbler passenger breathes the air of heaven before it has passed through that improving medium. Our youthful Niobe, two French ladies not particularly pretty, an Englishman with a fishing-rod and gun, and a coxcomb of a Swiss artist to whom I had taken a special aversion at Rome, (from a criticism I overheard upon my

favourite picture in the Colonna,) my friend and myself, were the exclusive inhalers of the oleaginous atmosphere of the stern. A crowd of the ark's own miscellaneousness thronged the forecastle—and so you have the programme of a day on Lake Leman.

LETTER IX.

SWITZERLAND.

Lake Leman — American appearance of the Genevese — Steamboat on the Rhone — Gibbon and Rousseau — Adventure of the lilies — Genevese jewellers — Residence of Voltaire — Byron's nightcap — Voltaire's walking-stick and stockings.

MAY, 1834.

THE water of Lake Leman looks very like other water, though Byron and Shelley were nearly drowned in it; and Copet, a little village on the Helvetian side, where we left three women and took up one man, (the village ought to be very much obliged to us,) is no Paradise, though Madame de Stael made it her residence. There *are* Paradises, however, with very short distances

between, all the way down the northern shore, and angels in them—if women are angels—a specimen or two of the sex being visible with the aid of the spy-glass, in nearly every balcony and belvidere, looking upon the water. The taste in country-houses seems to be here very much the same as in New England, and quite unlike the half-palace, half-castle style common in Italy and France. Indeed the dress, physiognomy, and manners of old Geneva might make an American Genevese fancy himself at home on the Leman. There is that subdued decency; that grave respectability; that black-coated, straight-haired, saint-like kind of look, which is universal in the small towns of our country, and which is as unlike France and Italy, as a playhouse is unlike a methodist chapel. You would know the people of Geneva were Calvinists, whisking through the town merely in a Diligence.

I lost sight of the town of Morges, eating a tête-à-tête breakfast with my friend in the cabin. Switzerland is the only place out of America where one gets cream for his coffee. I cry Morges mercy on that plea.

We were at Lausanne at eleven, having steamed forty-five miles in five hours. This is not quite up to the thirty-milers on the Hudson, of which I see accounts in the papers, but we had the advantage of not being blown-up either going or coming, and of looking for a continuous minute on a given spot in the scenery. Then we had an iron-railing between us and that portion of the passengers who prefer garlic to lavender-water, and we achieved our breakfast without losing our tempers or complexions in a scramble. The question of superiority between Swiss and American steamers, therefore, depends very much on the value you set on life, temper, and time. For me, as my time is not measured in "diamond sparks," and as my life and temper are the only gifts with which fortune has blessed me, I prefer the Swiss.

Gibbon lived at Lausanne, and wrote here the last chapter of his History of Rome—a circumstance which he records with an affection. It is a spot of no ordinary beauty, and the public promenade, where we sat and looked over to Vevey and Chillon, and the Rocks of Meillerie,

and talked of Rousseau, and agreed that it was a scene "*faite pour une Julie pour une Claire et pour un SaintPreux,*" is one of the places where, if I were to "play statue," I should like to grow to my seat, and compromise merely for eyesight. We have one thing against Lausanne, however—it is up hill and a mile from the water; and if Gibbon walked often from Ouchet at noon, and "larded the lean earth" as freely as we, I make myself certain he was not the fat man his biographers have drawn him.

There were some other circumstances at Lausanne which interested *us*—but which criticism has decided cannot be obtruded upon the public. We looked about for "Julie" and "Claire," spite of Rousseau's "*ne les y cherchez pas,*" and gave a blind beggar a sous (all he asked) for a handful of lilies-of-the-valley, pitying him ten times more than if he had lost his eyes out of Switzerland. To be blind on Lake Leman! blind within sight of Mont Blanc! We turned back to drop another sous into his hat, as we reflected upon it.

The return steamer from Vevey (I was sorry

not to go to Vevey, for Rousseau's sake, and as much for Cooper's) took us up on its way to Geneva, and we had the advantage of seeing the same scenery in a different light. Trees, houses, and mountains, are so much finer seen *against* the sun, with the deep shadows toward you!

Sitting by the stern was a fat and fair French-woman, who, like me, had bought lilies, and about as many. With a very natural facility of dramatic position, I imagined it had established a kind of sympathy between us, and proposed to myself, somewhere in the four hours, to make it serve as an introduction. She went into the cabin after a while, to lunch on cutlets and beer, and returned to the deck without her lilies. Mine lay beside me, within reach of her four fingers; and, as I was making up my mind to offer to replace her loss, she coolly took them up, and, without even a French monosyllable, commenced throwing them overboard, stem by stem. It was very clear she had mistaken them for her own. As the last one flew over the tafferel, the gentleman who paid for *la bierre et les cotelettes*, husband or

lover, came up with a smile and a flourish, and reminded her that she had left her bouquet between the mustard and the beer-bottle. *Sequitur*— a scene. The lady apologized, and I disclaimed; and the more I insisted on the delight she had given me by throwing my pretty lilies into Lake Leman, the more she made herself unhappy, and insisted on my being inconsolable. One should come abroad to know how much may be said upon throwing overboard a bunch of lilies.

The clouds gathered, and we had some hopes of a storm, but the "darkened Jura" was merely dim, and the "live thunder" waited for another Childe Harold. We were at Geneva at seven, and had the whole population to witness our debarkation. The pier where we landed, and the new bridge across the outlet of the Rhone, are the evening promenade.

The far-famed jewellers of Geneva are rather an aristocratic class of merchants. They are to be sought in chambers, and their treasures are produced box by box, from locked drawers, and bought, if at all, without the pleasure of "beating down." They are, withal, a gentlemanlike class of

men ; and, of the principal one, as many stories are told as of Beau Brummel. He has made a fortune by his shop, and has the manners of a man who can afford to buy the jewels out of a king's crown.

We were sitting at the *table d'hote*, with about forty people, on the first day of our arrival, when the servant brought us each a gilt-edged note, sealed with an elegant device—invitations, we presumed, to a ball, at least. Mr. So-and-so (I forget the name) begged pardon for the liberty he had taken, and requested us to call at his shop in the Rue de Rhone, and look at his varied assortment of bijouterie. A card was enclosed, and the letter in courtly English. We went, of course ; as who would not ? The cost to him was a sheet of paper, and the trouble of sending to the hotel for a list of the new arrivals. I recommend the system to all callow Yankees commencing a " pushing business."

Geneva is full of foreigners in the summer, and it has quite the complexion of an agreeable place. The environs are, of course, unequalled, and the town itself is a stirring and gay capital, full of

brilliant shops, handsome streets and promenades, where every thing is to be met but pretty women. Female beauty would come to a good market any where in Switzerland. We have seen but one pretty girl (our Niobe of the steamer) since we lost sight of Lombardy. They dress well here and seem modest, and have withal an air of style; but of some five hundred ladies, whom I may have seen in the valley of the Rhone, and about this neighbourhood, it would puzzle a modern Apelles to compose an endurable Venus. I understand a fair countrywoman of ours is about taking up her residence in Geneva; and if Lake Leman does not "woo her," and the "live thunder" leap down from Jura, the jewellers, at least, will crown her queen of the Canton, and give her the tiara at cost.

I hope "Maria Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs" will forgive me for having gone to Ferney in an *omnibus!* Voltaire lived just under the Jura, on a hill-side, overlooking Geneva and the lake, with a landscape before him in the foreground that a painter could not improve, and Mont Blanc and its neighbour mountains the breaks to his horizon.

At six miles off, Geneva looks very beautifully, astride the exit of the Rhone from the lake; and the lake itself looks more like a broad river, with its edges of verdure and its outer-frame of mountains. We walked up an avenue to a large old villa, embosomed in trees, where an old gardener appeared, to show us the grounds. We said the proper thing under the tree planted by the philosopher; fell in love with the view from twenty points; met an English lady in one of the arbours, the wife of a French nobleman to whom the house belongs, and were bowed into the hall by the old man, and handed over to his daughter to be shown the curiosities of the interior. There were Voltaire's rooms, just as he left them. The ridiculous picture of his own apotheosis, painted under his own direction, and representing him offering his Henriade to Apollo with all the authors of his time dying of envy at his feet, occupies the most conspicuous place over his chamber-door. Within was his bed—the curtains nibbled quite bare by relic-gathering travellers; a portrait of the Empress Catherine, embroidered by her own hand, and presented to Voltaire;

his own portrait and Frederick the Great's, and many of the philosophers, including Franklin. A little monument stands opposite the fire-place, with the inscription "*Mon esprit est partout, et mon cœur est ici.*" It is a snug little dormitory, opening with one window to the west; and, to those who admire the character of the once illustrious occupant, a place for very tangible musing. They showed us afterward his walking-stick, a pair of silk stockings he had half-worn, and a night-cap. The last article is getting quite fashionable as a relic of genius. They show Byron's at Venice.

LETTER X.

FRANCE.

Practical bathos of celebrated places—Travelling companions at the Simplon—Custom-house comforts—Trials of temper—Different aspects of France, Italy, and Switzerland—Force of politeness.

MAY, 1834.

WHETHER it was that I had offended the genius of the spot by coming in an omnibus, or from a desire I never can resist in such places—to travesty and ridicule the mock solemnity with which they are exhibited, certain it is that I left Ferney without having encountered, even in the shape of a more serious thought, the spirit of Voltaire. One reads the third canto of Childe

Harold in his library, and feels as if "Lausanne and Ferney" *should* be interesting places to the traveller; and yet when he is shown Gibbon's bower by a fellow scratching his head and hitching up his trousers the while, and the night-cap that enclosed the busy brain from which sprang the fifty brilliant *tomes* on his shelves, by a country-girl, who hurries through her drilled description, with her eye on the silver *douceur* in his fingers, he is very likely to rub his hand over his eyes, and disclaim, quite honestly, all pretensions to enthusiasm. And yet, I dare say, I shall have a great deal of pleasure in remembering that I *have been* at Ferney. As an English traveller would say, "I have *done* Voltaire!"

Quite of the opinion that it was not doing justice to Geneva to have made but a three days' stay in it—regretting not having seen Sismondi, Simond, and a whole coterie of scholars and authors, whose home it is, and with a mind quite made up to return to Switzerland, when my *beaux jours* of love, money, and leisure shall have arrived, I crossed the Rhone at sunrise, and turned my face toward Paris

The Simplon is much safer travelling than the pass of the Jura. We were all day getting up the mountains by roads that would make me anxious if there were a neck in the carriage I would rather should not be broken. My company, fortunately, consisted of three Scotch spinsters, who would try any precipice of the Jura, I think, if there were a lover at the bottom. If the horses had backed in the wrong place, it would have been to all three, I am sure, a deliverance from a world in whose volume of happiness

> "their leaf
> By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced."

As to my own neck and my friend's, there is a special providence for bachelors, even if they were of importance enough to merit a care. Spinsters and bachelors, we all arrived safely at Rousses, the entrance to France; and here, if I were to write before repeating the alphabet, you would see what a pen could do in a passion.

The carriage was stopped by three custom-house officers, and taken under a shed, where the doors were closed behind it. We were then

required to dismount and give our honours that we had nothing new in the way of clothes; "no jewellery; no unused manufactures of wool, thread, or lace; no silks or floss silk; no polished metals, plated or varnished; no toys, (except a heart each;) nor leather, glass, or crystal manufactures." So far, I kept my temper.

Our trunks, carpet-bags, hat-boxes, dressing-cases, and *portfeuilles*, were then dismounted and critically examined—every dress and article unfolded; shirts, cravats, unmentionables and all, and searched thoroughly by two ruffians, whose fingers were no improvement upon the labours of the washerwoman. In an hour's time or so we were allowed to commence re-packing. Still, I kept my temper!

We were then requested to walk into a private room, while the ladies, for the same purpose, were taken, by a woman, into another. Here we were requested to unbutton our coats, and, begging pardon for the liberty, these courteous gentlemen thrust their hands into our pockets, felt in our bosoms, pantaloons, and shoes, examined our hats, and even eyed our "pet curls"

very earnestly, in the expectation of finding us crammed with Geneva jewellery. Still, I kept my temper!

Our trunks were then put upon the carriage and a sealed string put upon them, which we were not to cut till we arrived in Paris. (Nine days!) They then demanded to be paid for the sealing, and the fellows who had unladen the carriage were to be paid for their labour. This done, we were permitted to drive on. Still, I kept my temper!

We arrived, in the evening, at Morez, in a heavy rain. We were sitting around a comfortable fire, and the soup and fish were just brought upon the table. A soldier entered and requested us to walk to the police-office. "But it rains hard, and our dinner is just ready." The man in the moustache was inexorable. The commissary closed his office at eight, and we must go instantly to certify to our passports, and get new ones for the interior. Cloaks and umbrellas were brought, and, *bon gré, mal gré,* we walked half a mile in the mud and rain to a dirty commissary, who kept us waiting in the dark fifteen minutes,

and then, making out a description of the person of each, demanded half a dollar for the new passport, and permitted us to wade back to our dinner. This had occupied an hour, and no improvement to soup or fish. Still, I kept my temper—rather.

The next morning, while we were forgetting the annoyances of the previous night, and admiring the new-pranked livery of May by a glorious sunshine, a civil *arretêz-vous* brought up the carriage to the door of *another custom-house!* The order was to dismount, and down came once more, carpet-bags, hat-boxes, and dressing-cases, and a couple of hours were lost again in a fruitless search for contraband articles. When it was all through, and the officers and men *paid* as before, we were permitted to proceed with the gracious assurance that we should not be troubled again till we got to Paris! I bade the commissary good morning—felicitated him on the liberal institutions of his country and his zeal in the exercise of his own agreeable vocation, and—I am free to confess—lost my temper! Job and Xantippe's husband! could I help it!

I confess I expected better things of *France*. In Italy, where you come to a new dukedom every half day, you do not much mind opening your trunks, for they are petty princes and need the pitiful revenue of contraband articles and the officer's fee. Yet even they leave the person of the traveller sacred; and where in the world, except in France, is a party travelling evidently for pleasure subjected *twice at the same border* to the degrading indignity of a search? Ye "hunters of Kentucky"—thank heaven that you can go into Tennessee without having your "plunder" overhauled and your pockets searched by successive parties of scoundrels, whom you are to pay, "by order of government," for their trouble!

* * * * *

The Simplon, which you pass in a day, divides two nations, each other's physical and moral antipodes. The handsome, picturesque, lazy, unprincipled Italian is left in the morning in his own dirty and exorbitant inn; and, on the evening of the same day, having crossed but a chain of mountains, you find yourself in a clean auberge; nestled in the bosom of a Swiss valley;

another language spoken around you, and in the midst of a people who seem to require the virtues they possess to compensate them for more than their share of uncomeliness. You travel a day or two down the valley of the Rhone, and when you are become reconciled to *cretins* and *goitres*, and ill-dressed and worse-formed men and women, you pass in another single day the chain of the Jura, and find yourself in France—a country as different from both Switzerland and Italy as they are from each other. How is it that these diminutive cantons preserve so completely their nationality? It seems a problem to the traveller who passes from one to the other without leaving his carriage.

One is compelled to like France in spite of himself. You are no sooner over the Jura than you are enslaved, past all possible ill-humour, by the universal politeness. You stop for the night at a place, which, as my friend remarked, resembles an inn only in its *in*-attention, and after a bad supper, worse beds, and every kind of annoyance, down comes my lady-hostess in the morning to receive her coin; and if you can fly

into a passion with *such* a cap, and *such* a smile, and such a "*bon jour,*" you are of less penetrable stuff than man is commonly made of.

"Politeness is among the virtues," says the philosopher. Rather, it takes the place of them all. What can you believe ill of a people whose slightest look towards you is made up of grace and kindness?

We are dawdling along thirty miles a day through Burgundy, sick to death of the bare vine-stakes, and longing to see a festooned vine-yard of Lombardy. France is such an ugly country! The diligences lumber by, noisy and ludicrous; the cow-tenders wear cocked-hats; the beggars are in the true French extreme, theatrical in all their misery; the climate is rainy and cold, and as unlike that of Italy, as if a thousand leagues separated them; and the roads are long, straight, dirty, and uneven. There is neither pleasure nor comfort, neither scenery nor antiquities, nor accommodations for the weary—nothing but *politeness.* And it is odd how it reconciles you to it all.

LETTER XI.

PARIS AND LONDON.

Paris and the Parisians—Lafayette's funeral—Royal respect and gratitude — England — Dover — English neatness and comfort — Specimen of English reserve — The gentleman driver of fashion—A case for Mrs. Trollope.

MAY, 1834.

IT is pleasant to get back to Paris. One meets every body there one ever saw: and operas and coffee; Taglioni and Leontine Fay; the belles and the Boulevards; the shops, spectacles, life, lions, and lures to every species of pleasure rather give you the impression that, outside the barriers of Paris, time is wasted on travel.

What pleasant idlers they look! The very shop-keepers seem standing behind their counters

for amusement. The *soubrette* who sells you a cigar, or ties a crape on your arm, (it was for poor old Lafayette,) is coiffed as for a ball; the *frotteur* who takes the dust from your boots, sings his love-song as he brushes away; the old man has his bouquet in his bosom, and the beggar looks up at the new statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendome—every body has some touch of fancy, some trace of a heart on the look-out, at least, for pleasure.

I was at Lafayette's funeral. They buried the old patriot like a criminal. Fixed bayonets before and behind his hearse—his own National Guard disarmed, and troops enough to beleaguer a city, were the honours paid by the "citizen king" to the man who had made him! The indignation, the scorn, the bitterness expressed on every side among the people, and the ill-smothered cries of disgust as the two *empty* royal carriages went by, in the funeral train, seemed to me strong enough to indicate a settled and universal hostility to the government.

I met Dr. Bowring on the Boulevard after the funeral was over. I had not seen him for two

years, but he could talk of nothing but the great event of the day.

* * * * *

MAY 23, 1834.

After three delightful days in Paris, we took the northern Diligence; and, on the second evening, having passed hastily through Montreuil, Abbeville, Boulogne, and voted the road the dullest couple of hundred miles we had seen in our travels, we were set down in Calais. A stroll through some very indifferent streets; a farewell visit to the last French *café* we were likely to see for a long time, and some unsatisfactory inquiries about Beau Brummel, who is said to live here still, filled up till bed-time our last day on the Continent.

The celebrated Countess of J —— was on board the steamer, and some forty or fifty plebeian stomachs shared with her fashionable ladyship and ourselves the horrors of a passage across the Channel. It is rather the most disagreeable sea I ever traversed, though I *have* seen "the Euxine," "the roughest sea the

traveller e'er ——s in," &c. according to Don Juan.

I was lying on my back in my berth when the steamer reached her moorings at Dover, and had neither eyes nor disposition to indulge in the proper sentiment on approaching the "white cliffs" of my father-land. I crawled on deck, and was met by a wind as cold as December, and a crowd of rosy English faces on the pier, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, and indulging curiosity evidently at the expense of a shiver. It was the first of June!

My companion led the way to an hotel, and we were introduced by *English* waiters (I had not seen such a thing in three years, and it was quite like being waited on by gentlemen,) to two blazing coal fires in the coffee-room of the Ship. Oh what a comfortable place it appeared! A rich Turkey carpet snugly fitted; nicely-rubbed mahogany tables; the morning papers from London; bell-ropes that *would* ring the bell; doors that *would* shut; a landlady that spoke English, and was kind and civil; and, though there were eight or ten people in the room, no

noise above the rustle of a newspaper, and positively rich red damask curtains, neither second-hand nor shabby, to the windows! A greater contrast than this to the things that answer to them on the Continent could scarcely be imagined.

Malgré all my observations on the English, whom I have found everywhere the most open-hearted and social people in the world, they are said by themselves and others to be just the contrary; and, presuming they were different in England, I had made up my mind to seal my lips in all public places, and be conscious of nobody's existence but my own. There were several elderly persons dining at the different tables, and one party, of a father and son, waited on by their own servants. Candles were brought in; the different cloths were removed, and, as my companion had gone to bed, I took up a newspaper to keep me company over my wine. In the course of an hour, some remark had been addressed to me, provocative of conversation, by almost every individual in the room! The subjects of discussion soon became

general, and I have seldom passed a more social and agreeable evening. And so much for the first specimen of English reserve !

The fires were burning brilliantly, and the coffee-room was in the nicest order when we descended to our breakfast at six the next morning. The tea-kettle sung on the hearth, the toast was hot, and done to a turn, and the waiter was neither sleepy nor uncivil—all, again, very unlike a morning at an hotel in *la belle* France.

The coach rattled up to the door punctually at the hour; and, while they were putting on my way-worn baggage, I stood looking in admiration at the carriage and horses. They were four beautiful bays, in small, neat harness of glazed leather, brass-mounted ; their coats shining like a racer's; their small blood-looking heads curbed up to stand exactly together, and their hoofs blacked and brushed with the polish of a gentleman's boots. The coach was gaudily painted, the only thing out of taste about it; but it was admirably built—the wheel-horses were quite under the coachman's box, and the

whole affair, though it would carry twelve or fourteen people, covered less ground than a French one-horse cabriolet. It was altogether quite a study.

We mounted to the top of the coach; "all right," said the ostler, and away shot the four fine creatures, turning their small ears, and stepping together with the ease of a cat, at ten miles in the hour. The driver was dressed like a Broadway idler, and sat in his place, and held his "ribands" and his tandem-whip with a confident air of superiority, as if he were quite convinced that he and his team were beyond criticism—and so they were. I could not but smile at contrasting his silence and the speed and ease with which we went along, with the clumsy, cumbrous Diligence or vetturino, and the crying, whipping, cursing, and ill-appointed postilions of France and Italy. It seems odd, in a two-hours' passage, to pass over such strong lines of national difference—so near, and not even a shading of one into the other.

England is described always very justly, and always in the same words—"it is all one garden."

There is scarce a cottage between Dover and London, (seventy miles,) where a poet might not be happy to live. I saw a hundred little spots I coveted with quite a heart-ache. There was no poverty on the road. Everybody seemed employed, and everybody well-made and healthy. The relief from the deformity and disease of the way-side beggars of the Continent was very striking.

We were at Canterbury before I had time to get accustomed to my seat. The horses had been changed twice—the coach, it seemed to me, hardly stopping while it was done; way-passengers were taken up and put down, with their baggage, without a word, and in half a minute; money was tossed to the keeper of the turnpike-gate as we dashed through; the wheels went over the smooth road without noise, and with scarce a sense of motion—it was the perfection of travel.

The new driver from Canterbury rather astonished me. He drove into London every day, and was more of a "*swell.*" He owned the first team himself, four blood horses of great beauty, and it was a sight to see him drive them. His

language was free from all slang; very gentlemanlike and well-chosen, and he discussed everything. He found out that I was an American, and said we did not think enough of the memory of Washington. Leaving his bones in the miserable brick tomb, of which he had read descriptions, was not, in his opinion, worthy of a country like mine. He went on to criticise Giulia Grisi, (the new singer just then setting London on fire;) hummed airs from "*Il Pirata*," to show her manner; sang an English song like Braham; gave a decayed count, who sat on the box, some very sensible advice about the management of a wild son; drew a comparison between French and Italian women; (he had travelled;) told us who the old count was in very tolerable French, and preferred Edmund Kean aud Fanny Kemble to all actors in the world. His taste and his philosophy, like his driving, were quite unexceptionable. He was, withal, very handsome, and had the easy and respectful manners of a well-bred person. It seemed very odd to give him a shilling at the end of the journey.

At Chatham we took up a very elegantly

dressed young man, who had come down on a fishing excursion. He was in the army, and an Irishman. We had not been half an hour on the seat together, before he had discovered, by so many plain questions, that I was an American, a stranger in England, and an acquaintance of a whole regiment of his friends in Malta and Corfu. If this had been a Yankee, thought I, what a chapter it would have made for Basil Hall or Madame Trollope! With all his inquisitiveness I liked my companion, and half accepted his offer to drive me down to Epsom the next day to the races. I know no American who would have beaten *that* on a stage-coach acquaintance.

LETTER XII.

LONDON.

First view of London—The king's birth-day—Procession of mail-coaches—Regent-Street—Lady B——, &c.

MAY, 1834.

FROM the top of Shooter's Hill we got our first view of London—an indistinct, architectural mass, extending all round to the horizon, and half enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. "That is St. Paul's!—there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower!" What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

From Blackheath, (seven or eight miles from the centre of London,) the beautiful hedges disap-

peared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park; but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hand's-breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, *very* sweet faces bent over lapfuls of work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them.

After crossing Waterloo Bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a "jarvey" at the coach-office, and in half an hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James's-street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. "Great emotions interfere little with the mechani-

cal operations of life," however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London.

I was sitting in the little parlour alone over a fried sole and a mutton cutlet, when the waiter came in, and, pleading the crowded state of the hotel, asked my permission to spread the other side of the table for a clergyman. I have a kindly preference for the cloth, and made not the slightest objection. Enter a fat man, with top-boots and a hunting-whip, rosy as Bacchus, and excessively out of breath with mounting one flight of stairs. Beefsteak and potatoes, a pot of porter and a bottle of sherry followed close on his heels. With a single apology for the intrusion, the reverend gentleman fell to, and we ate and drank for a while in true English silence.

"From Oxford, sir, I presume?" he said at last, pushing back his plate, with an air of satisfaction.

"No, I had never the pleasure of seeing Oxford."

"R—e—ally! may I take a glass of wine with you, sir?"

We got on swimmingly. He would not believe I had never been in England till the day before, but his cordiality was no colder for that. We exchanged Port and Sherry, and a most amicable understanding found its way down with the wine. Our table was near the window, and a great crowd began to collect at the corner of St. James's-street. It was the king's birth-day, and the people were thronging to see the carriages come in state from the royal *levée*. The show was less splendid than the same thing in Rome or Vienna, but it excited far more of my admiration. Gaudiness and tinsel were exchanged for plain richness and perfect fitness in the carriages and harness, while the horses were incomparably finer. My friend pointed out to me the different liveries as they turned the corner into Piccadilly—the Duke of Wellington's among others. I looked hard to see his Grace; but the two pale and beautiful faces on the back-seat carried nothing like the military nose on the handles of the umbrellas.

The annual procession of mail-coaches followed, and it was hardly less brilliant. The drivers and guards in their bright red and gold uniforms; the

admirable horses driven so beautifully; the neat harness; the exactness with which the room of each horse was calculated, and the small space in which he worked, and the compactness and contrivance of the coaches, formed altogether one of the most interesting spectacles I have ever seen. My friend, the clergyman, with whom I had walked out to see them pass, criticised the different teams *con amore*, but in language which I did not always understand. I asked him once for an explanation; but he looked rather grave, and said something about "gammon," evidently quite sure that my ignorance of London was a mere quiz.

We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the handsomest street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples; the Corso of Rome, the Kohl-Market of Vienna; the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent Street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and

variety of the buildings—though all of the same scale and material—and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with any thing between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included.

It is the custom for the king's tradesmen to illuminate their shops on his Majesty's birth-night, and the principal streets on our return were in a blaze of light. The crowd was immense. None but the lower order seemed abroad; and I cannot describe to you the effect on my feelings on hearing my own language spoken by every man, woman, and child, about me. It seemed a completely foreign country in every other respect—different from what I had imagined; different from my own and all that I had seen; and coming to it last, it seemed to me the farthest off and strangest country of all; and yet the little sweep, who went laughing through the crowd, spoke a language that I had heard attempted in vain by thousands of educated people, and that I had grown to consider next to unattainable by others, and almost

useless to myself. Still, it did not make me feel at home. Every thing else about me was too new. It was like some mysterious change in my own ears—a sudden power of comprehension, such as a man might feel who was cured suddenly of deafness. You can scarcely enter into my feelings till you have had the changes of French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Illyrian, and the mixtures and dialects of each, rung upon your hearing almost exclusively, as I have for years. I wandered about as if I were exercising some supernatural faculty in a dream.

A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to Lady B———; and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated authoress, I called on the second day after my arrival in London. It was "deep i' the afternoon," but I had not yet learned the full meaning of town hours. "Her Ladyship had not come down to breakfast." I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten.

In a long library lined alternately with splendidly-bound books and mirrors, and with a deep

window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady B——— alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one:—a woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially; and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count D'O——, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on.

Her Ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little. She was extremely curious to know

the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly B———, and D'I———, (the author of 'Vivian Grey.') "If you will come to-morrow night," she said, "you will see B———. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused—for nothing, I believe, except for the superiority of his genius, and the brilliant literary success it commands; and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride which is only the armour of a sensitive mind afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and noble creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those whom he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother, Henry, who is also very clever in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France.

"Do they like the D'I——— in America?"

I assured her Ladyship that the 'Curiosities of Literature,' by the father, and 'Vivian Grey' and 'Contarini Fleming,' by the son, were universally known.

"I am pleased at that, for I like them both. D'I——— the elder came here with his son the

other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for his father. D'I——— the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from Town; seldom comes up to London, and leads a life of learned leisure, each day hoarding up and dispensing forth treasures of literature. He is courtly, yet urbane, and impresses one at once with confidence in his goodness. In his manners, D'I——— the younger is quite his own character of Vivian Grey; full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good nature and a perfect frankness of character."

I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her Ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"Oh, by no means. I was much amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing 'Most charming Countess—for charming you must be since you have written the Conversations of Lord Byron'—oh, it was quite delightful. I

have shown it to every body. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfectly good faith. I hardly know what to make of them."

I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. "America," I said, "has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer on this side the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations; I, for one, would never write another line."

"And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be

exceedingly happy. A great proportion of the people in England are refined down to such heartlessness; criticism, private and public, is so much influenced by politics, that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed I think many of our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure."

I asked if her Ladyship had known many Americans?

"Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord B——— in his yacht at Naples when the American fleet was lying there, ten or eleven years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us frequently of an evening on board the yacht or the frigate, and I remember very well the bands playing always 'God save the King' as we went up the side. Count D'O—— here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for 'Yankee Doodle,' and it was always played at his request."

The Count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess G——— on the Continent, and I asked Lady B—— if she knew her.

"Yes, very well. We were at Genoa when they were living there, but we never saw her. It was at Rome in the year 1828 that I first knew her, having formed her acquaintance at Count Funchal's, the Portuguese Ambassador's."

It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

The portrait of Lady B——— in the 'Book of Beauty' is not unlike her, but it is still an unfavourable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is no longer *dans sa première jeunesse.* Still she looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows,) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader in my eye who will be amused by it,) was cut low and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite

shoulders, while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *feronier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good-humour. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the "doctrine of compensation."

There is one remark I may as well make here, with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in London.

America is much farther off from England than England from America. You in New York read the periodicals of this country, and know every thing that is done or written here, as if you lived within the sound of Bow-bell. The English, however, just know of our existence; and if they get a general idea twice a year of our progress in politics, they are comparatively well informed. Our periodical literature is never even heard of. Of course, there can be no offence to the individuals themselves in any thing which a visitor could write, calculated to convey an idea of the person or manners of distinguished people to the American public. I mention it, lest, at first thought, I might seem to have abused the hospitality or frankness of those on whom letters of introduction have given me claims for civility.

LETTER XIII.

THE LITERATI OF LONDON.

Lady B——— —The author of 'Rejected Addresses'— Henry B——— —Count D'O—— —The Author of 'Pelham.'

SPENT my first day in London in wandering about the finest part of the West End. I am not easily tired in a city; but I walked till I could scarce lift my feet from the ground, and still the parks and noble streets extended before and around me as far as the eye could reach; and, strange as they were in reality, the names were as familiar to me as if my childhood had been passed among them. "Bond Street;" "Grosvenor Square;" "Hyde Park;" look new to my eye, but they sound very familiar to my ear.

The equipages of London are much talked of, but they exceed even description. Nothing could be more perfect, or apparently more simple, than the gentleman's carriage that passes you in the street. Of a modest colour, but the finest material, the crest just visible on the panels; the balance of the body upon its springs true and easy; the hammer-cloth and liveries of the neatest and most harmonious colours; the harness slight and elegant, and the horses "the only splendid thing" in the establishment—is a description that answers for the most of them. Perhaps the most perfect thing in the world, however, is a St. James's Street stanhope or cabriolet, with its dandy owner on the whip-seat, and the "tiger" beside him. The attitudes of both the gentleman and the "gentleman's gentleman" are studied to a point, but nothing could be more knowing or exquisite than either. The whole affair, from the angle of the bell-crowned hat, (the prevailing fashion on the steps of Crockford's at present,) to the blood legs of the thorough-bred creature in harness, is absolutely faultless. I have seen many subjects for study in my first day's stroll, but I leave the

men and women and some other less important features of London for maturer observation.

In the evening I kept my appointment with Lady B——. She had deserted her exquisite library for the drawing-room, and sat, in fuller dress, with six or seven gentlemen about her. I was presented immediately to all; and when the conversation was resumed, I took the opportunity to remark the distinguished coterie with which she was surrounded.

Nearest me sat S——, the author of 'Rejected Addresses'—a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. His eye alone—small and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius. He held a cripple's crutch in his hand, and, though otherwise rather particularly well-dressed, wore a pair of large India-rubber shoes—the penalty he was paying doubtless for the many good dinners he had eaten. He played rather an *aside* in the conversation, whipping in with a quiz or a witticism whenever he could get an opportunity, but more a listener than a talker.

On the opposite side of Lady B. stood Henry B———, the brother of the novelist, very earnestly engaged in a discussion of some speech of O'Connell's. He is said by many to be as talented as his brother, and has lately published a book on the present state of France. He is a small man; very slight and gentleman-like; a little pitted with the small-pox, and of very winning and persuasive manners. I liked him at the first glance.

A German prince, with a star on his breast, trying with all his might—but, from his embarrassed look, quite unsuccessfully—to comprehend the drift of the argument, the Duke de Richelieu; a famous traveller just returned from Constantinople, and the splendid person of Count D'O—— in a careless attitude upon the ottoman, completed the *cordon*.

I fell into conversation after a while with S——, who, supposing I might not have heard the names of the others, in the hurry of an introduction, kindly took the trouble to play the dictionary, and added a graphic character of each as he named him. Among other things, he talked a great deal of America, and asked me if I knew

our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. I had never been so fortunate as to meet him. "You have lost a great deal," he said, "for never was so delightful a fellow. I was once taken down with him into the country by a merchant to dinner. Our friend stopped his carriage at the gate of his park, and asked us if we would walk through his grounds to the house. Irving refused, and held me down by the coat, so that we drove on to the house together, leaving our host to follow on foot. 'I make it a principle,' said Irving, 'never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow morning by ourselves.'" The rest of the company had turned their attention to S—— as he began his story, and there was an universal inquiry after Mr. Irving. Indeed the first question on the lips of every one to whom I am introduced as an American is of him and Cooper. The latter seems to me to be admired as much here as abroad, in spite of a common impression that he dislikes the nation. No man's works could have higher praise in the general conversation that fol-

lowed, though several instances were mentioned of his having shown an unconquerable aversion to the English when in England. Lady B—— mentioned Mr. Bryant, and I was pleased at the immediate tribute paid to his delightful poetry by the talented circle around her.

Toward twelve o'clock, "Mr. L—— B——" was announced, and enter the author of 'Pelham.' I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal Mr. B——— in my mind and the real Mr. B——— who followed the announcement. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady B——— with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "how d'ye, B———?" went round, as he shook hands with every body, in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady B——— introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

B———'s head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and faithfully my impression.

I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than B——'s. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from every body else, he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and infected every body with his spirits. I cannot give even the substance of it in a letter, for it was in a great measure local or personal.

B———'s voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.

It is quite impossible to convey, in a letter

scrawled literally between the end of a late visit and a tempting pillow, the evanescent and pure spirit of a conversation of wits. I must confine myself, of course, in such sketches, to the mere sentiment of things that concern general literature and ourselves.

'The Rejected Addresses' got upon his crutches about three o'clock in the morning, and I made my exit with the rest, thanking Heaven, that, though in a strange country, my mother-tongue was the language of its men of genius.

LETTER XIV.

LONDON.

M—— —A dinner at Lady B———'s.

JUNE, 1834.

I CALLED on M—— with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see M—— without conceiving a strong liking for

him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady B——'s at eight. M—— had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the "observed of all observers," Count D'O——, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half-hour preceding dinner.

"Mr. M——!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. M——!" cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady B———, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of

worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward,) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down "miladi," and I found myself seated opposite M——, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is pannelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would not think him a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits tall,* and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that

beseems it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady B——— led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William G—, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of weakened intellect and ruined health, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the "Wizard of the North" was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no

interest in any thing he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. "No, no," said he, "I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come." He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, "Who was that you said wanted to see me?" The Doctor explained. "I 'll go," said he; "they shall see me if they wish it;" and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed; kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on; but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends, observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic

children of the south crowded once more around him, and, with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to M——, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbotsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. "Scott," he said, "was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whiskey at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system: his constitution was Herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott

at another place. We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, &c., and Sir Walter ate immensely of every thing. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs. M—— a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'Oh, I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible."

Some one remarked that Scott's 'Life of Napoleon' was a failure.

"I think little of it," said M——; "but, after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more."

"It will not live," said some one else; "as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual."

"But *what* an individual!" M—— replied, "Voltaire's Life of Charles the Twelfth was the life of an individual, yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?"

O'C—— was mentioned.

"He is a powerful creature," said M——; "but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of '*thinking on his legs*,' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than any thing else. Lord A—— is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. P— is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an Oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the House. O'C—— would be irresistible, were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still

willing to attack. They may say what they will of duelling: it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'C——'s case, he had not made his vow against duelling when P— challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and P— went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'C—— pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

'Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the Scripture command,
And 'honour their'—wife and daughter—
'That their days may be long in the land.'

The great period of Ireland's glory," continued Moore, "was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' He himself

never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the House between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the House, said, 'for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer *here* is, *they are false!* elsewhere it would be—*a blow!*' They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said, 'No! let the curs fight it out!' and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. 'Fight *him!*' said he, 'I would sooner go to my grave without a fight!' Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such

men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, *is dead!* You can scarcely reckon S—— of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'C——, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.'"

The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course. Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of M——'s language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, it is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

M——'s head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *soubriquet* of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent developement of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it.

It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half-diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

This discussion may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady B—— retired from the table; for, with her, vanished M——'s excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee, and M—— brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on

with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of M——'s; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat around the piano, and after two or

three songs of Lady B——'s choice, he rambled over the keys awhile and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady B——'s hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart—

"Here 's a health to thee, Tom M——!"

LETTER XV.

LONDON.

Visit to a race-course—Gipsies—The Princess Victoria—Splendid appearance of the English nobility—A breakfast with Elia and Bridget Elia—Mystification—Charles Lamb's opinion of American authors.

JUNE, 1834.

I HAVE just returned from *Ascot races*. Ascot Heath, on which the course is laid out, is a high platform of land, beautifully situated on a hill above Windsor Castle, about twenty-five miles from London. I went down with a party of gentlemen in the morning and returned at evening, doing the distance with relays of horses in something less than three hours. This, one would

think, is very fair speed, but we were passed continually by the "bloods" of the road, in comparison with whom we seemed getting on rather at a snail's pace.

The scenery on the way was truly English—one series of finished landscapes, of every variety of combination. Lawns, fancy-cottages, manor-houses, groves, roses, and flower-gardens, make up England. It surfeits the eye at last. You could not drop a poet out of the clouds upon any part of it I have seen, where, within five minutes' walk, he would not find himself a Paradise.

We flew past Virginia Water, and through the sun-flecked shades of Windsor Park, with the speed of the wind. On reaching the Heath, we dashed out of the road, and cutting through fern and briar, our experienced whip put his wheels on the rim of the course, as near the stands as some thousands of carriages arrived before us would permit, and then, cautioning us to take the bearings of our position, lest we should lose him after the race, he took off his horses, and left us to choose our own places.

A thousand red and yellow flags were flying

from as many snowy tents in the midst of the green heath; ballad-singers and bands of music were amusing their little audiences in every direction; splendid marquees, covering gaming-tables, surrounded the winning-post; groups of country people were busy in every bush, eating and singing; and the great stands were piled with row upon row of human heads waiting anxiously for the exhilarating contest.

Soon after we arrived, the king and royal family drove up the course with twenty carriages, and scores of postilions and outriders in red and gold, flying over the turf as majesty flies in no other country; and, immediately after, the bell rang to clear the course for the race. *Such* horses! The earth seemed to fling them off as they touched it. The lean jockeys, in their parti-coloured caps and jackets, rode the fine-limbed, slender creatures up and down together, and then, returning to the starting-post, off they shot like so many arrows from the bow.

Whiz! you could tell neither colour nor shape as they passed across the eye. Their swiftness was incredible. A horse of Lord C———'s

was rather the favourite; and, for the sake of his great-grandfather, I had backed him with my small wager. "Glaucus is losing," said some one on the top of a carriage above me, but round they swept again, and I could just see that one glorious creature was doubling the leaps of every other horse, and in a moment Glaucus and Lord C——— had won.

The course between the races is a promenade of some thousands of the best dressed people in England. I thought I had never seen so many handsome men and women, but particularly *men*. The nobility of this country, unlike every other, is by far the manliest and finest-looking class of its population. The *contadini* of Rome, the *lazzaroni* of Naples, the *paysans* of France, are incomparably handsomer than their superiors in rank, but it is strikingly different here. A more elegant and well-proportioned set of men than those pointed out to me by my friends as the noblemen on the course, I never saw, except only in Greece. The Albanians are seraphs to look at.

Excitement is hungry, and after the first race our party produced their baskets and bottles, and

spreading out the cold pie and champagne upon the grass, between the wheels of the carriages, we drank Lord C———'s health and ate for our own, in an *al fresco* style, worthy of Italy. Two veritable Bohemians, brown, black-eyed gipsies, the models of those I had seen in their wicker tents in Asia, profited by the liberality of the hour, and came in for an upper crust to a pigeon-pie, that, to tell the truth, they seemed to appreciate.

Race followed race, but I am not a contributor to the 'Sporting Magazine,' and could not give you their merits in comprehensible terms, if I were.

In one of the intervals, I walked under the king's stand, and saw her majesty the queen, and the young Princess Victoria, very distinctly. They were listening to a ballad-singer, and leaning over the front of the box with an amused attention, quite as sincere, apparently, as any beggar's in the ring. The princess is much better-looking than the pictures of her in the shops, and, for the heir to such a crown as that of England, quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting.

* * * * *

Invited to breakfast with a gentleman in the Temple to meet Charles Lamb and his sister—'Elia' and 'Bridget Elia.' I never in my life had an invitation more to my taste. The essays of Elia are certainly the most charming things in the world, and it has been for the last ten years my highest compliment to the literary taste of a friend to present him with a copy. Who has not smiled over the humorous description of Mrs. Battle? Who that has read 'Elia' would not give more to see him than all the other authors of his time put together?

I arrived a half hour before Lamb, and had time to learn some of his peculiarities. He lives a little out of London, and is something of an invalid. Some family circumstances have tended to depress him considerably of late years, and, unless excited by convivial intercourse, he scarce shows a trace of what he was. He was very much pleased with the American reprint of his 'Elia,' though it contains several things which are not his—written so in his style, however, that it is scarce a wonder the editor should mistake them. If I recollect right, they were 'Valentine's Day,'

the 'Nuns of Caverswell,' and 'Twelfth Night.' He is excessively given to mystifying his friends, and is never so delighted as when he has persuaded some one into the belief of one of his grave inventions. His amusing biographical sketch of Liston was in this vein, and there was no doubt in any body's mind that it was authentic, and written in the most perfect good faith. Liston was highly enraged with it, and Lamb was delighted in proportion.

There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful, forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humour or feeling, good-nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain.

His sister, whose literary reputation is associated very closely with her brother's, and who, as the original of 'Bridget Elia,' is a kind of

object for literary affection, came in after him. She is a small bent figure, evidently a victim to ill-health, and hears with difficulty. Her face has been, I should think, a fine and handsome one, and her bright gray eye is still full of intelligence and fire. They both seemed quite at home in our friend's chambers; and as there was to be no one else, we immediately drew round the breakfast-table. I had set a large arm-chair for Miss Lamb. "Don't take it, Mary," said Lamb, pulling it away from her very gravely, "it looks as if you were going to have a tooth drawn."

The conversation was very local. Our host and his guest had not met for some weeks, and they had a great deal to say of their mutual friends. Perhaps in this way, however, I saw more of the author, for his manner of speaking of them, and the quaint humour with which he complained of one, and spoke well of another, was so in the vein of his inimitable writings, that I could have fancied myself listening to an audible composition of new Elia. Nothing could be more delightful than the kindness and affection

between the brother and the sister, though Lamb was continually taking advantage of her deafness to mystify her with the most singular gravity upon every topic that was started. "Poor Mary!" said he, "she hears all of an epigram but the point." "What are you saying of me, Charles?" she asked. "Mr. Willis," said he, raising his voice, "admires *your Confessions of a Drunkard* very much, and I was saying it was no merit of yours that you understood the subject." We had been speaking of this admirable essay (which is his own) half an hour before.

The conversation turned upon literature after a while, and our host could not express himself strongly enough in admiration of Webster's speeches, which he said were exciting the greatest attention among the politicians and lawyers of England. Lamb said, "I don't know much of American authors. Mary, there, devours Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite, with which I have no sympathy. The only American book I ever read twice, was the 'Journal of Edward Woolman,' a quaker

preacher, and tailor, whose character is one of the finest I ever met with. He tells a story or two about negro slaves, that brought the tears into my eyes. I can read no prose now, though Hazlitt sometimes, to be sure—but then Hazlitt is worth all modern prose-writers put together."

Mr. R. spoke of buying a book of Lamb's a few days before, and I mentioned my having bought a copy of 'Elia' the last day I was in America, to send as a parting gift to one of the most lovely and talented women in our country.

"What did you give for it?" said Lamb.

"About seven and sixpence."

"Permit me to pay you that," said he, and with the utmost earnestness he counted out the money upon the table.

"I never yet wrote any thing that would sell," he continued. "I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?"

I had not.

"It 's only eighteen pence, and I 'll give you sixpence toward it;" and he described to me

where I should find it sticking up in a shop-window in the Strand.

Lamb ate nothing, and complained in a querulous tone of the veal-pie. There was a kind of potted fish (of which I forget the name at this moment) which he had expected our friend would procure for him. He inquired whether there was not a morsel left perhaps in the bottom of the last pot. Mr. R. was not sure.

"Send and see," said Lamb, "and if the pot has been cleaned, bring me the cover. I think the sight of it would do me good."

The cover was brought, upon which there was a picture of the fish. Lamb kissed it with a reproachful look at his friend, and then left the table and began to wander round the room with a broken, uncertain step, as if he almost forgot to put one leg before the other. His sister rose after a while, and commenced walking up and down very much in the same manner on the opposite side of the table, and in the course of half an hour they took their leave.

To any one who loves the writings of Charles Lamb with but half my own enthusiasm, even

these little particulars of an hour passed in his company will have an interest. To him who does not, they will seem dull and idle. Wreck as he certainly is, and must be, however, of what he was, I would rather have seen him for that single hour, than the hundred-and-one sights of London put together.

LETTER XVI.

JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

Immensity of London—Voyage to Leith—Society of the steam-packet—Analogy between Scotch and American manners—Strict observance of the Sabbath on board—Edinburgh.

SEPT. 1834.

ALMOST giddy with the many pleasures and occupations of London, I had outstayed the last fashionable lingerer; and, on appearing again, after a fortnight's confinement with the epidemic of the season, I found myself almost without an acquaintance, and was driven to follow the world. A preponderance of letters and friends determined my route toward Scotland.

One realizes the immensity of London when he is compelled to measure its length on a single errand. I took a cab at my lodgings at nine in

the evening, and drove six miles through one succession of crowded and blazing streets to the East-India Docks, and, with the single misfortune of being robbed on the way of a valuable cloak, secured a birth in the Monarch steamer, bound presently for Edinburgh.

I found the drawing-room cabin quite crowded, cold supper on the two long tables, everybody very busy with knife and fork, and whiskey-and-water and broad Scotch circulating merrily. All the world seemed acquainted, and each man talked to his neighbour, and it was as unlike a ship's company of dumb English as could easily be conceived. I had dined too late to attack the solids, but imitating my neighbour's potation of whiskey and hot water, I crowded in between two good-humoured Scotchmen, and took the happy colour of the spirits of the company. A small centre table was occupied by a party who afforded considerable amusement. An excessively fat old woman, with a tall scraggy daughter and a stubby little old fellow, whom they called "Pa;" and a singular man, a Major Somebody, who seemed showing them up, composed the quartette. Noisier

women I never saw, nor more hideous. They bullied the waiter, were facetious with the steward, and talked down all the united buzz of the cabin. Opposite me sat a pale, severe-looking Scotchman, who had addressed one or two remarks to me; and, upon an uncommon burst of uproariousness, he laughed with the rest, and remarked that the ladies were excusable, for they were doubtless Americans, and knew no better.

"It strikes me," said I, "that both in manners and accent they are particularly Scotch."

"Sir!" said the pale gentleman.

"Sir!" said several of my neighbours on the right and left.

I repeated the remark.

"Have you ever been in Scotland?" asked the pale gentleman, with rather a ferocious air.

"No, sir! Have you ever been in America?"

"No, sir! but I have read Mrs. Trollope."

"And I have read Cyril Thornton; and the manners delineated in Mrs. Trollope, I must say, are rather elegant in comparison."

I particularized the descriptions I alluded to, which will occur immediately to those who have

read the novel I have named; and then confessing I was an American, and withdrawing my illiberal remark, which I had only made to show the gentleman the injustice and absurdity of his own, we called for another tass of whiskey, and became very good friends. Heaven knows I have no prejudice against the Scotch, or any other nation—but it is extraordinary how universal the feeling seems to be against America. A half hour incog. in any mixed company in England I should think would satisfy the most rose-coloured doubter on the subject.

We got under weigh at eleven o'clock, and the passengers turned in. The next morning was Sunday. It was fortunately of a "Sabbath stillness;" and the open sea through which we were driving, with an easy south wind in our favour, graciously permitted us to do honour to as substantial a breakfast as ever was set before a traveller, even in America. (Why *we* should be ridiculed for our breakfasts, I do not know.)

The "Monarch" is a superb boat, and, with the aid of sails, and a wind right aft, we made twelve miles in the hour easily. I was pleased to

see an observance of the Sabbath, which had not crossed my path before in three years' travel. Half the passengers at least took their Bibles after breakfast, and devoted an hour or two evidently to grave religious reading and reflection. With this exception, I have not seen a person with the Bible in his hand, in travelling over half the world.

The weather continued fine, and smooth water tempted us up to breakfast again on Monday. The wash-room was full of half-clad men, but the week-day manners of the passengers were perceptibly gayer. The captain honoured us by taking the head of the table, which he had not done on the day previous, and his appearance was hailed by three general cheers. When the meats were removed, a gentleman rose, and, after a very long and parliamentary speech, proposed the health of Captain B——. The company stood up, ladies and all, and it was drunk with a tremendous "hip-hip-hurrah," in bumpers of whiskey!

We rounded St. Abb's Head into the Forth at five in the afternoon, and soon dropped anchor off Leith. The view of Edinburgh, from the water, is,

I think, second only to that of Constantinople. The singular resemblance, in one or two features, to the view of Athens, as you approach from the Piræus, seems to have struck other eyes than mine; and an imitation Acropolis is commenced on the Calton-hill, and has already, in its half-finished state, much the effect of the Parthenon. Hymettus is rather loftier than the Pentland-hills, and Pentelicus farther off and grander than Arthur's seat; but the Old Castle of Edinburgh is a noble and peculiar feature of its own, and soars up against the sky, with its pinnacle-placed turrets, superbly magnificent. The Forth has a high shore on either side, and, with the island of Inchkeith in its broad bosom, it looks more like a lake than an arm of the sea.

It is odd what strange links of acquaintance will develope between people thrown together in the most casual manner, and in the most out-of-the-way places. I have never entered a steamboat in my life without finding, if not an acquaintance, some one who should have been an acquaintance from mutual knowledge of friends. I thought, through the first day, that the Monarch

would be an exception. On the second morning, however, a gentleman came up and called me by name. He was an American, and had seen me in Boston. Soon after, another gentleman addressed some remark to me, and, in a few minutes, we discovered that we were members of the same club in London, and bound to the same hospitable roof in Scotland. We went on, talking together, and I happened to mention having lately been in Greece, when one of a large party of ladies, overhearing the remark, turned, and asked me, if I had met Lady —— in my travels. I had met her at Athens, and this was her sister. I found I had many interesting particulars of the delightful person in question which were new to them, and, *sequitur*, a friendship struck up immediately between me and a party of six. You would have never dreamed, to have seen the *adieux* on the landing, that we had been unaware of each other's existence forty-four hours previous.

Leith is a mile or more from the town, and we drove into the new side of Edinburgh—a splendid city of stone—and, with my English friend, I was soon installed in a comfortable parlour at

Douglas's—an hotel, to which the Tremont, in Boston, is the only parallel. It is built of the same stone and is smaller, but it has a better situation than the Tremont, standing in a magnificent square, with a column and statue to Lord Melville in the centre, and a perspective of a noble street stretching through the city from the opposite side.

We dined upon *grouse*, to begin Scotland fairly, and nailed down our sherry with a tass o' Glenlivet, and then we had still an hour of daylight for a ramble.

LETTER XVII.

EDINBURGH.

A Scotch breakfast—The Castle—Palace of Holyrood—Queen Mary—Rizzio—Charles the Tenth.

SEPT. 1834.

IT is an odd place, Edinburgh. The Old Town and the New are separated by a broad and deep ravine, planted with trees and shrubbery; and across this, on a level with the streets on either side, stretches a bridge of a most giddy height, without which all communication would apparently be cut off. "Auld Reekie" itself looks built on the back-bone of a ridgy crag, and towers along on the opposite side of the ravine, running up its

twelve-story houses to the sky in an ascending curve, till it terminates in the frowning and battlemented Castle, whose base is literally on a mountain-top in the midst of the city. At the foot of this ridge, in the lap of the valley, lies Holyrood House; and between this and the Castle runs a single street, part of which is the Old Canongate. Princes' Street, the Broadway of the New Town, is built along the opposite edge of the ravine facing the long, many-windowed walls of the Canongate, and from every part of Edinburgh these singular features are conspicuously visible. A more striking contrast than exists between these two parts of the same city could hardly be imagined. On one side a succession of splendid squares, elegant granite houses, broad and well-paved streets, columns, statues, and clean side-walks, thinly promenaded and by the well-dressed exclusively—a kind of wholly grand and half-deserted city, which has been built too ambitiously for its population;—and on the other, an antique wilderness of streets and "wynds," so narrow and lofty as to shut out much of the light of Heaven; a thronging, busy,

and particularly dirty population; side-walks almost impassable from children and other respected nuisances: and altogether, between the irregular and massive architecture, and the unintelligible jargon agonizing the air about you, a most outlandish and strange city. Paris is not more unlike Constantinople than one side of Edinburgh is unlike the other. Nature has properly placed "a great gulf" between them.

We toiled up to the Castle to see the sunset. Oh, but it was beautiful! I have no idea of describing it; but Edinburgh, to me, will be a picture seen through an atmosphere of powdered gold, mellow as an eve on the Campagna. We looked down on the surging sea of architecture below us; and whether it was the wavy cloudiness of a myriad of reeking chimneys, or whether it was a fancy, Glenlivet-born, in my eye, the city seemed to me like a troop of war-horses rearing into the air with their gallant riders. The singular boldness of the hills on which it is built, and of the crags and mountains which look down upon it, and the impressive *lift* of its towering architecture into the sky, give it altogether a look

of pride and warlikeness that answers peculiarly to the chivalric history of Scotland. And so much for the first look at "Auld Reekie."

My friend had determined to have what he called a "flare-up" of a Scotch breakfast, and we were set down the morning after our arrival, at nine, to cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cakes, coffee, tea, and toast; and I am by no means sure that this is all. It is a fine country in which one gets so much by the simple order of "breakfast at nine."

We parted after having achieved it, my companion going before me to Dumbartonshire; and, with a "wee callant" for a guide, I took my way to Holyrood.

At the very foot of Edinburgh stands this most interesting of royal palaces—a fine old pile, though at the first view rather disappointing. It might have been in the sky, which was dun and cold, or it might have been in the melancholy story most prominent in its history, but it oppressed me with its gloom. A rosy cicerone in petticoats stepped out from the porter's lodge, and rather

brightened my mood with her smile and courtesy, and I followed on to the chapel-royal, built, Heaven knows when, but in a beautiful state of Gothic ruin. The girl went on with her knitting and her well-drilled recitation of the sights upon which those old fretted and stone traceries had let in the light; and I walked about feeding my eyes upon its hoar and touching beauty, listening little till she came to the high altar, and in the same broad Scotch monotone, and with her eyes still upon her work, hurried over something about the Queen of Scots. Mary was married to Darnley on the spot where I stood! The mechanical guide was accustomed evidently to an interruption here, and stood silent a minute or two to give my surprise the usual grace. Poor, poor Mary! I had the common feeling, and made probably the same ejaculation that thousands have made on the spot, but I had never before realized the melancholy romance of her life half so nearly. It had been the sadness of an hour before—a feeling laid aside with the book that recorded it—now it was, as it were, a pity and a grief for the living, and I felt struck with it as if it had hap-

pened yesterday. If Rizzio's harp had sounded from her chamber, it could not have seemed more tangibly a scene of living story.

"And through this door they dragged the murdered favourite; and here, under this stone, he was buried!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Poor Rizzio!"

"I'm thinkin' that 's a', Sir!"

It was a broad hint, but I took another turn down the nave of the old ruin, and another look at the scene of the murder and the grave of the victim.

"And this door communicated with Mary's apartments?"

"Yes—ye hae it a' the noo!"

I paid my shilling, and exit.

On inquiry for the private apartments, I was directed to another Girzy, who took me up to a suite of rooms appropriated to the use of the Earl of Bredalbane, and furnished very much like lodgings for a guinea a week in London.

"And which was Queen Mary's chamber?"

"Ech! Sir! it's t'ither side. I dinna show that."

"And what am I brought here for?"

"Ye cam' yoursel'!"

With this wholesome truth, I paid my shilling again, and was handed over to another woman, who took me into a large hall containing portraits of Robert Bruce, Baliol, Macbeth, Queen Mary, and some forty other men and women famous in Scotch story; and nothing is clearer than that one patient person sat to the painter for the whole. After "doing" these, I was led with extreme deliberativeness through a suite of unfurnished rooms,—twelve, I think,—the only interest of which was their having been tenanted of late by the royal exile of France;—as if any body would give a shilling to see where Charles X. slept and breakfasted!

I thanked Heaven that I stumbled next upon the right person, and was introduced into an ill-lighted room, with one deep window looking upon the court, and a fire-place like that of a country inn—the state-chamber of the unfortunate Mary.

Here was a chair she embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet, where she sat in state with Darnley—the very grate in the chimney that she had sat before—the mirror in which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes had rested in her gay and her melancholy hours—all, save the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman led on. We entered another room —her chamber. A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red and figured silk, tall, ill-shapen posts, and altogether a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right, and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he was plucked from her and murdered. We went back to the audience-chamber to see the stain of his blood on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death, not bearing to look upon it. Again—"poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which

served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror, scarce larger than your hand, which she used at her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back, upon that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has reflected !

LETTER XVIII.

A VISIT TO D—— CASTLE.

Romance and Reality — Dalkeith Railway — Reception at D—— Castle — Comparisons — D—— "Policies"—Family Legends—The Warlock Pear.

SEPT. 1834.

EDINBURGH has extended to St. Leonard's, and the home of Jeanie Deans is now the commencement of the railway! How sadly is romance ridden over by the march of intellect!

With twenty-four persons and some climbers behind, I was drawn ten miles in the hour by a single horse upon the Dalkeith rail-road, and landed within a mile of D—— Castle. Two "wee callants" here undertook my portmanteau, and in ten minutes more I was at the rustic

lodge in the park, the gate of which swung hospitably open with the welcome announcement that I was expected. An avenue of near three-quarters of a mile of firs, cedars, laburnums and larches, wound through the park to the Castle; and, dipping over the edge of a deep and wild dell, I found the venerable old pile below me, its round towers and battlemented turrets frowning among the trees, and forming with the river, which swept round its base, one of the finest specimens imaginable of the feudal picturesque.* The nicely-gravelled terraces, as I approached; the plate-glass windows and rich curtains, diminished somewhat of the romance; but I am not free to say that the promise they gave of the luxury within did not offer a succedaneum.

I was met at the threshold by the castle's noble and distinguished master; and as the light modern Gothic door swung open on its noiseless hinges, I looked up at the rude armorial scutcheon

* "The castle of D—— upon the South Esk is a strong and large castle, with a large wall of aslure work going round about the same, with a tower upon ilk corner thereof." —*Grose's Antiquities.*

above, and at the slits for the portcullis chains and the rough hollows in the walls which had served for its rest, and it seemed to me that the kind and polished earl, in his velvet cap, and the modern door on its patent hinges, were pleasant substitutes even for a raised drawbridge and a helmeted knight. I beg pardon of the romantic, if this be treason against Della Crusca.

The gong had sounded its first summons to dinner, and I went immediately to my room to achieve my toilet. I found myself in the south wing, with a glorious view up the valley of the Esk, and comforts about me such as are only found in a private chamber in England. The nicely-fitted carpet; the heavy curtains; the well-appointed dressing-table; the patent grate and its blazing fire, (for where is a fire not welcome in Scotland?) the tapestry, the books, the boundless bed, the bell that *will* ring, and the servants that anticipate the pull — oh, you should have pined for comfort in France and Italy to know what this catalogue is worth.

After dinner, Lady D——, who is much of an invalid, mounted a small pony to show me

the grounds. We took a winding path away from the door, and descended at once into the romantic dell over which the castle towers. It is naturally a most wild and precipitous glen, through which the rapid Esk pursues its way almost in darkness; but, leaving only the steep and rocky shelves leaning over the river with their crown of pines, the successive lords of D—— have cultivated the banks and hills around for a park and a paradise. The smooth gravel-walks cross and interweave; the smoother lawns sink and swell with their green bosoms; the stream dashes on murmuring below, and the lofty trees shadow and overhang all. At one extremity of the grounds are a flower and fruit-garden, and beyond it the castle farm; at the other, a little village of the family dependants, with their rose-embowered cottages; and, as far as you would ramble in a day, extend the woods and glades; and hares leap across your path, and pheasants and partridges whirr up as you approach, and you may fatigue yourself in a scene that is formed in every feature for the gentle-born and the refined. The labour and the taste of

successive generations can alone create such an Eden.

The various views of the castle from the bottom of the dell are perfectly beautiful. With all its internal refinement, it is still the warlike fortress at a little distance; and bartizan and battlement bring boldly back the days when Bruce was at Hawthornden, (six miles distant,) and Lord D——'s ancestor defended the ford of the Esk, and made himself a name in Scottish story in the days of Wallace and the Douglases. D—— was besieged by Edward the First and by John of Gaunt, among others, and, being the nearest of a chain of castles from the Esk to the Pentland Hills, it was the scene of some pretty fighting in most of the wars of Scotland.

Lord D——— showed me a singular old bridle-bit, the history of which is thus told in Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather:'—

"Sir Alexander Ramsay having taken by storm the strong castle of Roxburgh, the king bestowed on him the office of sheriff of the county, which was before engaged by the knight of Liddesdale. As this was placing another

person in his room, the knight of Liddesdale altogether forgot his old friendship for Ramsay, and resolved to put him to death. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of men while he was administering justice at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from the hands of his old comrade, and having few men with him, was easily overpowered; and, being wounded, was hurried away to the lonely castle of the Hermitage, which stands in the middle of the morasses of Liddesdale. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, with his horse, where he had no other sustenance than some grain which fell down from a granary above; and, after lingering a while in that dreadful condition, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay died. This was in 1412. Nearly four hundred and fifty years afterward—that is, about forty years ago, a mason, digging among the ruins of Hermitage Castle, broke into a dungeon, where lay a quantity of chaff, some human bones, and a bridle-bit, which were supposed to mark the vault as the place of Ramsay's death. The bridle-bit was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present gallant Earl of

D——, a brave soldier, like his ancestor, Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended."

There is another singular story connected with the family which escaped Sir Walter, and which has never appeared in print. Lady D—— is of the ancient family of C——, one of the ancestors of which married the daughter of the famous Warlock of Gifford, described in 'Marmion.' As they were proceeding to the church, the wizard lord stopped the bridal procession beneath a pear-tree, and plucking one of the pears, he gave it to his daughter, telling her that he had no dowry to give her, but that as long as she kept that gift, good fortune would never desert her or her descendants. This was in 1270; and the pear is still preserved in a silver box. About two centuries ago, a maiden lady of the family chose to try her teeth upon it, and very soon after, two of the best farms of the estate were lost in some litigation—the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the C——'s in six centuries—thanks, perhaps, to the *Warlock pear!*

LETTER XIX.

D—— CASTLE.

Sporting and its equipments—Roslin Castle and Chapel—A Cicerone.

SEPT. 1834.

THE nominal attraction of Scotland, particularly at this season, is the shooting. Immediately on your arrival, you are asked whether you prefer a flint or a percussion lock, and (supposing that you do *not* travel with a gun, which all Englishmen *do*,) a double-barrelled Manton is appropriated to your use, the gamekeeper fills your powder and shot-pouches, and waits with the dogs in a leash till you have done your breakfast; and the ladies leave the table, wishing you a good day's sport, —all as matters of course.

I would rather have gone to the library. An aversion to walking, except upon smooth flag-stones, a poetical tenderness on the subject of "putting birds out of misery," as the last office is elegantly called, and hands much more at home with a goose-quill than a gun, were some of my private objections to the "order of the day." Between persuasion and a most truant sunshine, I was overruled, however, and, with a silent prayer that I might not destroy the hopes of my noble host, by shooting his only son, who was to be my companion and instructor, I shouldered the proffered Manton and joined the gamekeeper in the park.

Lord R—— and his man looked at me with some astonishment as I approached, and I was equally surprised at the young nobleman's metamorphosis. From the elegant Oxonian I had seen at breakfast, he was transformed to a figure something rougher than his Highland dependant, in a woollen shooting-jacket, that might have been cut in Kentucky; pockets of any number and capacity; trowsers of the coarsest plaid; hob-nailed shoes and leather gaiters, and a manner of handling his

gun that would have been respected on the Mississippi. My own appearance in high-heeled French boots and other corresponding gear for a tramp over stubble and marsh, amused them equally; but my wardrobe was exclusively metropolitan, and there was no alternative.

The dogs were loosed from their leash, and bounded away, and, crossing the Esk under the castle walls, we found our way out of the park, and took to the open fields. A large patch of stubble was our first ground, and with a "hie away!" from the gamekeeper, the beautiful setters darted on before, their tails busy with delight and their noses to the ground, first dividing, each for a wall-side, and beating along till they met, and then scouring toward the centre, as regularly as if every step were guided by human reason. Suddenly they both dropped low into the stubble, and with heads eagerly bent forward and the intensest gaze upon a spot, a yard or more in advance, stood as motionless as stone. "A covey, my Lord!" said the gamekeeper, and, with our guns cocked, we advanced to the dogs, who had crouched, and lay as still, while we passed them,

as if their lives depended upon our shot. Another step, and whirr! whirr! a dozen partridges started up from the furrow; and while Lord R—— cried "Now!" and reserved his fire to give me the opportunity, I stood stock-still in my surprise, and the whole covey disappeared over the wall. My friend laughed, the gamekeeper smiled, and the dogs hied on once more.

I mended my shooting in the course of the morning, but it was both exciting and hard work. A heavy shower soaked us through, without extracting the slightest notice from my companion; and on we trudged through peas, beans, turnips, and corn, muddied to the knees, and smoking with moisture, excessively to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the productions of Monsieur Clerx, of the Rue Vivienne, which were reduced to the consistency of brown paper, and those of my London tailor, which were equally entitled to some surprise at the use they were put to. It was quite beautiful, however, to see the ardour and training of the dogs; their caution, their obedience, and their perfect understanding of every motion of their master. I found myself interested

quite beyond fatigue; and it was only when we jumped the park-paling and took it once more leisurely down the gravel-walks, that I realized at what an expense of mud, water, and weariness, my day's sport had been purchased.—*Mem.* Never to come to Scotland again without hob-nailed shoes and a shooting-jacket.

* * * * *

Rode over to Roslin Castle. The country between D—— Castle and Roslin, including the village of Lasswade, is of uncommon loveliness. Lasswade itself clings to the two sides of a small valley, with its village-church buried in trees, and the country-seat of Lord Melville looking down upon it from its green woods; and away over the shoulder of the hill swell the forests and rocks which embosom Hawthornden, (the residence of Drummond, the poet, in the days of Ben Jonson,) and the Pentland Hills, with their bold outline, form a background that completes the picture.

We left our horses at the neighbouring inn, and walked first to Roslin chapel. This little gem of florid architecture is scarcely a ruin, so perfect are its arches and pillars, its fretted cornices and its

painted windows. A whimsical booby undertook the cicerone, with a long cane-pole, to point out the beauties. We entered the low side-door, whose stone threshold the feet of Cromwell's church-stabled troopers assisted to wear, and walked at once to a singular column of twisted marble, most curiously carved, standing under the choir. Our friend with the cane-pole, who had condescended to familiar Scotch on the way, took his distance from the base, and, drawing up his feet like a soldier on drill, assumed a most extraordinary elevation of voice, and recited its history in a declamation of which I could only comprehend the words "A*w*braham and Isaac." I saw by the direction of the pole that there was a bas-relief of the Father of the Faithful, done on the capital, but for the rest I was indebted to Lord R——, who did it into English as follows:—"The master-mason of this chapel, meeting with some difficulties in the execution of his design, found it necessary to go to Rome for information, during which time his apprentice carried on the work, and even executed some parts concerning which his master had been most doubtful; par-

ticularly this fine-fluted column, ornamented with wreaths of foliage and flowers twisting spirally round it. The master on his return, stung with envy at this proof of the superior abilities of his apprentice, slew him by a blow of his hammer."

The whole interior of the chapel is excessively rich. The roof, capitals, key-stones, and architraves are covered with sculptures. On the architrave adjoining the apprentice's pillar to a smaller one, is graved the sententious inscription, "*Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.*" It has been built about four hundred years, and is, I am told, the most perfect thing of its kind in Scotland.

The ruins of Roslin Castle are a few minutes' walk beyond. They stand on a kind of island rock, in the midst of one of the wildest glens of Scotland, separated from the hill nearest to the base by a drawbridge, swung over a tremendous chasm. I have seen nothing so absolutely picturesque in my travels. The North Esk runs its dark course, unseen, in the ravine below; the rocks on every side frown down upon it in black shadows; the woods are tangled and apparently

pathless; and were it not for a most undeniable two-story farm-house, built directly in the court of the old castle, you might convince yourself that foot had never approached it since the days of Wallace.

The fortress was built by William St. Clair, of whom Grose writes: "He kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master-house-hold; Lord Borthwick his cupbearer; and Lord Fleming his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend,—viz.: Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig; Tweddie, Laird of Drumerline; and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James I. and II. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and, if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings

were at the foot of the Black Fryars' Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

With a scrambling walk up the glen, which is, as says truly Mr. Grose, "inconceivably romantick," we returned to our horses, and rode back to our dinner at D———, delighted with Roslin Castle, and uncommonly hungry.

LETTER XX.

EDINBURGH.

"Christopher North"—Mr. Blackwood—The Ettrick Shepherd —Lockhart — 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' — Wordsworth — Southey—Captain Hamilton and his book on America.

SEPT. 1834.

ONE of my most valued letters to Scotland was an introduction to Professor W——, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, and the well-known poet. The acknowledgement of the reception of my note came with an invitation to breakfast the following morning, at the early hour of nine.

The professor's family were at a summer residence in the country, and he was alone in his house in Gloucester-place, having come to town on the melancholy errand of a visit to poor Black-

wood—(since dead). I was punctual to my hour, and found the poet standing before the fire with his coat-skirts expanded—a large, muscular man, something slovenly in his dress, but with a manner and face of high good-humour, and remarkably frank and prepossessing address. While he was finding me a chair, and saying civil things of the noble friend who had been the medium of our acquaintance, I was trying to reconcile my idea of him, gathered from portraits and descriptions, with the person before me. I had imagined a thinner and more scholar-like looking man, with a much paler face, and a much more polished exterior. His head is exceedingly ample, his eye blue and restless, his mouth full of character; and his hair, of a very light sandy colour, is brushed up to cover an incipient baldness, but takes very much its own way, and has the wildness of a Highlander's. He has the stamp upon him of a remarkable man to a degree seldom seen, and is, on the whole, fine-looking, and certainly a gentleman in his appearance; but (I know not whether the impression is common) I expected in Christopher North a finished and rather over-refined man of

the world, of the old school, and I was so far disappointed.

The tea was made, and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. He talked of the American poets, praised Percival and Pierpont more particularly; expressed great pleasure at the criticisms of his own works that had appeared in the American papers and magazines—and still the toast was getting cold, and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups for but two, so that he was not waiting for another guest; and after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted. If I had wished to remind him of it, however, I should have had no opportunity, for the stream of his eloquence ran on without a break; and eloquence it certainly was. His accent is very broadly Scotch, but his words are singularly well

chosen, and his illustrations more novel and poetical than those of any man I ever conversed with. He spoke of Blackwood; returning to the subject repeatedly, and always with a softened tone of voice and a more impressive manner, as if his feelings were entirely engrossed by the circumstances of his illness. "Poor Blackwood!" he said, setting his hands together, and fixing his eyes on the wall, as if he were soliloquizing with the picture of the sick man vividly before him; "there never was a more honest creature or a better friend. I have known him intimately for years, and owe him much, and I could lose no friend that would affect me more nearly. There is something quite awful in the striking down thus of a familiar companion by your side—the passing away—the death—the end for ever of a man you have been accustomed to meet as surely as the morning or evening, and have grown to consider a part of your existence almost;—to have the share he took in your thoughts thrown back upon you—and his aid and counsel and company with you no more! His own mind is in a very singular state. He knows he is to die, and he has made

every preparation in the most composed and sensible manner, and if the subject is alluded to directly, does not even express a hope of recovery; yet, the moment the theme is changed, he talks as if death were as far from him as ever, and looks forward, and mingles himself up in his remarks on the future, as if he were to be here to see this and the other thing completed, and share with you the advantage for years to come. What a strange thing it is—this balancing between death and life —standing on the edge of the grave, and turning, first to look into its approaching darkness, and then back upon the familiar and pleasant world, yet with a certain downward progress, and no hope of life beyond the day over your head!"

I asked if Blackwood was a man of refined literary taste.

"Yes," he said, "I would trust his opinion of a book sooner than that of any man I know. He might not publish every thing he approved, for it was his business to print only things that would sell; and, therefore, there are perhaps many authors who would complain of him; but, if his

opinion had been against my own, and it had been my own book, I should believe he was right, and give up my own judgment. He was a patron of literature, and it owes him much. He is a loss to the world."

I spoke of the 'Noctes.'

He smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye, and said, "Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings; and poor Hogg comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there, and said every thing that is put down for him."

"How does the Shepherd take it?"

"Very good-humouredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good-humour, and he

is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the 'Noctes.'"

"What do you think of his 'Life of Sir Walter,' which Lockhart has so butchered in Fraser?"

"*Did* Lockhart write that?"

"I was assured so in London."

"It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so yesterday to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it, I think, from his manner, he *must* have written it."

"Will Hogg forgive him?"

"Never! never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with gray hairs, like the Shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lie upon lie—oh, it was not right!"

"Do you think Hogg misrepresented facts wilfully?"

"No, oh no! he is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own va-

nity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a colouring to his conversations with Scott, which put them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best-natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore Hogg must sometimes have been at Abbotsford. Do you know Lockhart?"

"No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the 'Quarterly,' and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend."

"Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there, opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unpresuming of men, and so he appears in private life always."

"Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who

had been very intimate with him, called one morning to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage. 'Pray don't give yourself the trouble to come down,' said the polite Frenchman. 'I make a point of doing it, Sir,' said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, 'for I understand from your friend's book that we are not considered a polite nation in France.' Nothing certainly could be more ill-bred and insulting."

"Still it is not in his nature. I do believe that it is merely an unhappy talent he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. He would be the first to show the man a real kindness if he stood before him. I have known Lockhart long. He was in Edinburgh a great while; and when he was writing

'Valerius,' we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in *three weeks*. I heard it all thus by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing. He wrote it very rapidly, and thought nothing of it. We used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the 'Noctes.'"

"At Ambrose's?"

"At Ambrose's."

"But is there such a tavern, really?"

"Oh, certainly. Any body will show it to you. It is a small house; kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and has had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the 'Noctes.' We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable. 'What a pity,' said Lockhart, 'that some short-hand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper!' The next day he produced a paper called 'Noctes

*Ambro*sianæ,' and that was the first. I continued them afterward."

"Have you no idea of publishing them separately? I think a volume or two should be made of the more poetical and critical parts, certainly. Leaving out the politics, and the merely local topics of the day, no book could be more agreeable."

"It was one of the things pending when poor Blackwood was taken ill. But, will you have some breakfast?"

The breakfast had been cooling for an hour, and I most willingly acceded to his proposition. Without rising, he leaned back with his chair still toward the fire, and, seizing the tea-pot as if it were a sledge-hammer, he poured from one cup to the other without interrupting the stream, overrunning both cup and saucer, and partly flooding the tea-tray. He then set the cream toward me with a carelessness which nearly overset it, and, in trying to reach an egg from the centre of the table, broke two. He took no notice of his own awkwardness, but drank his cup of tea at a single draught, ate his egg in the same expeditious manner, and went on

talking of the 'Noctes,' and Lockhart, and Blackwood, as if eating his breakfast were rather a troublesome parenthesis in his conversation. After a while he digressed to Wordsworth and Southey, and asked me if I was going to return by the Lakes. I proposed doing so.

"I will give you letters to both, if you haven't them. I lived a long time in that neighbourhood, and know Wordsworth perhaps as well as any one. Many a day I have walked over the hills with him, and listened to his repetition of his own poetry, which of course filled my mind completely at the time, and perhaps started the poetical vein in me, though I cannot agree with the critics that my poetry is an imitation of Wordsworth's."

"Did Wordsworth repeat any other poetry than his own?"

"Never in a single instance, to my knowledge. He is remarkable for the manner in which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life. He thinks of nothing else. Every thing ministers to it. Every thing is done with reference to it. He is all and only a poet."

"What is Southey's manner of life?"

"Walter Scott said of him, that he lived too much with women. He is secluded in the country, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, who glorify every literary project he undertakes, and persuade him, in spite of his natural modesty, that he can do nothing wrong or imperfectly He has great genius, and is a most estimable man."

"Hamilton lives on the Lakes too—does he not?"

"Yes. How terribly he was annoyed by the review of his book in the 'North American!' Who wrote it?"

"I have not heard positively, but I presume it was Everett. I know nobody else in the country who holds such a pen. He is the American Junius."

"It was excessively clever, but dreadfully severe, and Hamilton was frantic about it. I sent it to him myself, and could scarce have done him a more ungracious office. But what a strange thing it is that nobody can write a good book or America! The ridiculous part of it seems to me

that men of common sense go there as travellers, and fill their books with scenes such as they may see every day within five minutes' walk of their own doors, and call them American. Vulgar people are to be found all over the world, and I will match any scene in Hamilton or Mrs. Trollope, any day or night, here in Edinburgh. I have always had an idea that I should be the best traveller in America myself. I have been so in the habit of associating with people of every class in my own country, that I am better fitted to draw the proper distinctions, I think, between what is universal over the world or peculiar to America."

"I can promise you a hearty welcome, if you should be inclined to try."

"I have thought seriously of it. It is, after all, not more than a journey to Switzerland or Italy, of which we think nothing, and my vacation of five months would give me ample time, I suppose, to run through the principal cities. I shall do it, I think."

I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years.

"No, though I am always wishing to do it.

Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place, I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months, and in the summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then Blackwood is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gall me to have my poems called imitations of Wordsworth and his school; a thing I could not see myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the Isle of Palms and any thing of Wordsworth's. I *think* I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn,* I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants reading it in the morning papers, and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry was another inducement for not writing."

I expressed my surprise at what he said, for, as far as I knew the periodicals, Wilson had been a singularly continued favourite.

"Yes, out of this immediate sphere, perhaps—but it requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one's lips, and comfort oneself with the praise of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up, of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks; and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for are the quiet readers in the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family, than I would for the momentary admiration of a whole city. People in towns require a constant phantasmagoria, to keep up even in the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes, are forgotten in a day!"

My letter is getting too long, and I must make it shorter, as it is vastly less agreeable than the visit itself. Wilson went on to speak of his family, and his eyes kindled with pleasure in talking of his children. He invited me to stop and visit him at his place near Selkirk, in my way south, and promised me that I should see Hogg, who lived not far off. Such inducement was scarce necessary, and I made a half-promise to do it, and left him, after having passed several hours of the highest pleasure in his fascinating society.

LETTER XXI.

SCOTLAND.

Lord J—— —Lord B——— —Politics—The "Grey" Ball —Aberdeen—Gordon Castle.

SEPT. 1834.

I WAS engaged to dine with Lord J—— on the same day that I had breakfasted with Wilson, and the opportunity of contrasting so closely these two distinguished men, both editors of leading Reviews, yet of different politics, and no less different minds, persons, and manners, was highly gratifying.

At seven o'clock I drove to Moray Place, the Grosvenor Square of Edinburgh. I was not sorry to be early, for never having seen my host, I had some little advantage over the awkwardness

of meeting a large party of strangers. After a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. J——, the door was thrown quickly open, and the celebrated editor of the 'Edinburgh,' the distinguished lawyer, the humane and learned judge, and the wit of the day, *par excellence*, entered with his daughter. A frank, almost merry smile; a perfectly unceremonious hearty manner; and a most playful and graceful style of saying the half-apologetic, half-courteous things incident to a first meeting after a letter of introduction, put me at once at my ease, and established a partiality for him, *impromtu*, in my feelings. J—— is rather below the middle size, slight, rapid in his speech and motion, never still, and glances from one subject to another with less abruptness and more quickness than any man I had ever seen. His head is small, but compact and well-shaped; and the expression of his face, when serious, is that of quick and discriminating earnestness. His voice is rather thin, but pleasing; and if I had met him incidentally, I should have described him, I think, as a most witty and well-bred gentleman of the School of Wilkes and Sheridan. Perhaps as distinguishing

a mark as either his wit or his politeness, is an honest goodness of heart; which, however it makes itself apparent, no one could doubt, who had been with J—— ten minutes.

To my great disappointment, Mrs. J—— informed me that Lord B———, who was their guest at the time, was engaged to a dinner given by the new Lord Advocate to Earl Grey. I had calculated much on seeing two such old friends and fellow-wits as J—— and B——— at the same table, and I could well believe what my neighbour told me at dinner, that it was more than a common misfortune to have missed it.

The great "Grey dinner" had been given the day before, and politics were the only subject at table. It had been my lot to be thrown principally among Tories (*Conservatives* is the new name) since my arrival in England, and it was difficult to rid myself at once of the impressions of a fortnight just passed in the castle of a Tory earl. My sympathies in the "great and glorious" occasion were slower than those of the company, and much of their enthusiasm seemed to me overstrained. Then I had not even dined with the

two thousand Whigs under the Pavilion, and, as I was incautious enough to confess it, I was rallied upon having fallen into bad company, and altogether entered less into the spirit of the hour than I could have wished. Politics are seldom witty or amusing, and, though I was charmed with the good sense and occasional eloquence of Lord J——, I was glad to get up stairs after dinner to *chasse-café* and the ladies.

We were all bound to the public ball that evening, and at eleven I accompanied my distinguished host to the Assembly Room. Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord B————'s ugliest and shrewdest of human faces flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to every body, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scotch nobility were there, but Whiggism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with "porcelain." I danced till three o'clock,

without finding my partners better or worse for their politics; and having aggravated a temporary lameness by my exertions, went home with a leg like an elephant to repent by abandonment of Tory quiet.

Two or three days under the hands of the doctor, with the society of a Highland crone, of whose ceaseless garrulities over my poultices and plasters I could not understand two consecutive words, fairly finished my patience, and, abandoning with no little regret a charming land-route to the north of Scotland, I had myself taken "this side up" on board the steamer for Aberdeen.

We steamed the hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, paying about three dollars for our passage. I mention it for the curiosity of a cheap thing in this country.

I lay at Aberdeen four days, getting out but once, and then for a drive to the "Mareschal College," the *alma mater* of Dugald Dalgetty. It is a curious and rather picturesque old place, half in ruins, and is about being pulled down. A Scotch gentleman, who was a fellow-passenger in the steamer, and who lived in the town, called on

me kindly twice a day, brought me books and papers, offered me the use of his carriage, and did every thing for my comfort that could have been suggested by the warmest friendship. Considering that it was a casual acquaintance of a day, it speaks well, certainly, for the "Good Samaritanism" of Scotland.

I took two places in the coach at last, (one for my leg,) and bowled away seventy miles across the country, with the delightful speed of these admirable conveyances, for G—— Castle. I arrived at Fochabers, a small town on the estate of the Duke of G——, at three in the afternoon, and immediately took a post-chaise for the Castle, the gate of which was a stone's throw from the inn.

The immense iron gate, surmounted by the G—— arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk; the winding

avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups; and keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the Castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings; and, in another moment, I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

LETTER XXII.

G—— CASTLE.

Company there — The park — Duke of G—— — Personal beauty of the English aristocracy.

SEPT. 1834.

THE last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that His Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the

edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"Who is at the Castle?" I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau.

"Oh, a great many, Sir." He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. "There 's Lord A———, and Lord C—— H——, and the Duchess of R——, and Lord A——, and Lord S—— and Lady S——, and Lord M—— and Lady M——, and —— and ——and——twenty more, Sir."

"Twenty more lords and ladies?"

"No, Sir! that 's all the nobility."

"And you can't remember the names of the others?"

"No, Sir."

He was a proper page. He could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners.

"And how many sit down to dinner?"

"Above thirty, Sir, besides the Duke and Duchess."

"That will do." And off tripped my slender gentleman, with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back

to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set, looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks; and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the Castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a game-

keeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being! I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills, and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the Castle. Soon after, a loud gong sounded through the gallery, the signal to dress, and I left my musing occupation unwillingly, to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen, the Duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been

named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with a broad red riband across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the Castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The Duchess, a tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.

It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour, to the modern dukes in kilt of the G—— plaid; and on the

sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The Duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had, upon my right, Lady ——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

I have been struck every where in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen "Heaven's image double-stamped as man, and noble," so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found; the style of form and face

at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thorough-bred." There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the Continent—the *paysans* of France, and the *contadini* of Italy, being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressment*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eye-brow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian, in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *dérèglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty

that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentlemanlike" and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate, and smile, as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house; and to discover, that at the very moment he bowed so coldly, he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him, or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table; the gentlemen closed up, conversation

assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *liqueurs* were brought in, when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music, filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening, which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels.

LETTER XXIII.

G—— CASTLE.

English breakfasts—Salmon-fishery—Lord A——— —Mr. M'Lane—Sporting establishment of G—— Castle.

SEPT. 1834.

I AROSE late on the first morning after my arrival at G——— Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were

gone; the Duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the Duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance—in the full force of the term—was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes, (for shooting,) and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. I wondered, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of many people in my own country, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was com-

posed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.

Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable than the whole tone of the meal. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the Duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon-fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a-year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remark-

able size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations: those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard-room, and I was left with Lord A———— in the breakfast-room alone. The Tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest, about America. When Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Wellington Cabinet, he had known Mr. M'Lane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. M'Lane, and hoped to enjoy his friendship. He wished he might return as our Minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, he said, was worth a score of practised diplomatists. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. M'Lane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would naturally

lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the President very much as a man.

Lord A——— has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trowsers very ill made; a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately

distinguishable from men of lower rank in society.

Still suffering from lameness, I declined all invitations to the shooting parties, who started across the park, with the dogs leaping about them in a phrenzy of delight, and accepted the Duchess's kind offer of a pony phaeton to drive down to the kennels. The Duke's breed, both of setters and hounds, is celebrated throughout the kingdom. They occupy a spacious building in the centre of a wood, a quadrangle inclosing a court, and large enough for a respectable poor-house. The chief huntsman and his family, and perhaps a gamekeeper or two, lodge on the premises, and the dogs are divided by palings across the court. I was rather startled to be introduced into the small enclosure with a dozen gigantic blood-hounds, as high as my breast, the keeper's whip in my hand the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion that, without it, they would "hae the life oot o' me in a crack." They came around me very quietly, and one immense fellow, with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid

his paws on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice. One can scarce believe these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thorough-bred heads,—large, speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however. I never had seen such perfect creatures. "Dinna tak' pains to caress 'em, Sir," said the huntsman, "they 'll only be hangit for it!" I asked for an explanation, and the man, with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant, told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way showed signs of superior sagacity. In coursing the hare, for instance, if the dog abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. Greyhounds are valuable only as they obey their mere natural instinct; and if they leave the track of the hare, either in their own sagacity, or to follow their master in intercepting it, they spoil the pack, and are hung without mercy. It is an object, of

course, to preserve them, what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master their death-warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The Duchess told me afterward that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of showing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.

The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky, floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face and caressing fondness, (lucky dog! that affection is permitted in *his* family!) quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the Duke's would as soon ask him for a church-living as for the present of one of them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds, of one family of which (long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged and perfectly white little wretches) the keeper

seemed particularly proud. I evidently sunk in his opinion for not admiring them.

I passed the remainder of the morning in threading the lovely alleys and avenues of the park, miles after miles of gravel-walk extending away in every direction, with every variety of turn and shade, now a deep wood, now a sunny opening upon a glade, here along the bank of a stream, and there around the borders of a small lagoon, the little' ponies flying on over the smoothly-rolled paths, and tossing their mimicking heads as if they too enjoyed the beauty of the princely domain. This, I thought to myself, as I sped on through light and shadow, is very like what is called happiness; and this (if to be a Duke were to enjoy it as I do with this fresh feeling of novelty and delight) is a condition of life it is not quite irrational to envy. And giving my little steeds the rein, I repeated to myself Scott's graphic description, which seems written for the park of G——— Castle, and thanked Heaven for one more day of unalloyed happiness.

"And there soft swept in velvet green,
The plain with many a glade between,

Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depths of the brown forest shade;
And the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn.
There tufted close with copse-wood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen,
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy valley loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadows dark,
And many an old oak worn and bare
With all its shiver'd boughs was there."

LETTER XXIV.

G—— CASTLE.

Scotch hospitality—Duchess' infant school—Manners of high life—The tone of conversation in England and America contrasted.

SEPT. 1834.

THE aim of Scotch hospitality seems to be, to convince you that the house and all that is in it is your own, and you are at liberty to enjoy it as if you were, in the French sense of the French phrase, *chez vous*. The routine of G——— Castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At two o'clock, a dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold

meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and everybody came in for a kind of lounging half-meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing-room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, out-riders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chaise to a phaeton-and-four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the sea-side—some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were every where at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarce troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking gamekeepers lifting their hats

in the dark recesses of the forest—there was something in this perpetual reminding of your privileges, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what perhaps would be more poetical and republican, that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste.

The second afternoon of my arrival, I took a seat in the carriage with Lord A———, and we followed the Duchess, who drove herself in a pony-chaise, to visit a school on the estate. Attached to a small Gothic chapel, a few minutes' drive from the Castle, stood a building in the same style, appropriated to the instruction of the children of the Duke's tenantry. There were a hundred and thirty little creatures, from two years to five or six, and, like all infant-schools in these days of improved education, it was an interesting and affecting sight. The last one I had been in was at Athens; and though I missed here the dark eyes and Grecian faces of the Ægean, I saw health and beauty of a kind which stirred up more images of home, and promised, perhaps,

more for the future. They went through their evolutions, and answered their questions with an intelligence and cheerfulness that were quite delightful; and I was sorry to leave them, even for a drive in the loveliest sunset of a lingering day of summer.

People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the President has destroyed the bank, or the bank the President, or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not, will be very much interested to know if the pine-tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America, if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned. The Duchess led the way to a plantation of American trees, at some distance from the Castle, and, stopping beneath some really noble firs, I was asked if our forest-trees were often larger. They were shrubs, however, to the gigantic productions of the West. Whatever else we may

see abroad, we must return home to find the magnificence of nature.

The number at the dinner-table of G——— Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A travelling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, "Who is arrived?" You are sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in any thing. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the Duke and Duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase, or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *gêne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or *ennui* found its way into the Castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest

disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased,—the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail-coach at all.

The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so "odd" (a word, by the way, that in England means everything disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to "a scene." The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word "capital" suffices; for all ordinary praise the word "nice;" for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word "odd." To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the

eyebrows of the whole company at once, and stamp yourself under-bred or a foreigner.

This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding, but of the true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an "overpowering person," is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called "amusing." He is considered here as a monopolizer of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been "a scene," and the repose of the company would have been disturbed. You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which

the most common intellect rises with ease. Society on this footing is delightful to all, and the diffident man, or the dull man, or the quiet man, enjoys it as much as another. For violent sensations you must go elsewhere. Your escape-valve is not at your neighbour's ear.

There is a great advantage in this in another respect. Your tongue never gets you into mischief. The "unsafeness of Americans" in society (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises wholly from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to trifles. I can tell one of my countrymen abroad by his first remark. Ten to one his first sentence contains a superlative that would make an Englishman imagine he had lost his senses. The natural consequence is—continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended, words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and gentlemen are shy of us. A good-natured young nobleman, whom I sat next at dinner on my first arrival at G——— Castle, told me he was hunting with Lord A———, when two very gentleman-like young men rode up and requested leave to

follow the hounds, but in such extraordinary language, that they were not at first understood. The hunt continued for some days, and at last the strangers, who rode well and were seen continually, were invited to dine with the principal noblemen of the neighbourhood. They turned out to be Americans, and were every way well-bred and agreeable, but their extraordinary mode of expressing themselves kept the company in continual astonishment. They were treated with politeness, of course, while they remained, but no little fun was made of their phraseology after their departure; and the impression on the mind of my informant was very much against the purity of the English language as spoken by Americans. I mention it for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

LETTER XXV.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Departure from G——— Castle—The Pretender—Scotch character misapprehended—Observance of Sunday—Highland chieftains.

SEPT. 1834.

TEN days had gone by like the "Days of Thalaba," and I took my leave of G——— Castle. It seemed to me, as I looked back upon it, as if I had passed a separate life there — so beautiful had been every object on which I had looked in that time, and so free from every mixture of *ennui* had been the hours from the first to the last. I have set them apart in my memory, those ten days, as a bright ellipse in the usual procession

of joys and sorrows. It is a little world, walled in from rudeness and vexation, in which I have lived a life.

I took the coach for Elgin, and visited the fine old ruins of the cathedral, and then kept on to Inverness, passing over the "Blasted Heath," the tryst of Macbeth and the witches. We passed within sight of Culloden Moor at sunset, and the driver pointed out to me a lonely castle where the Pretender slept the night before the battle. The interest with which I had read the romantic history of Prince Charlie in my boyhood, was fully awakened, for his name is still a watchword of aristocracy in Scotland; and the jacobite songs, with their half-warlike, half-melancholy music, were favourites of the Duchess of G———, who sung them in their original Scotch, with an enthusiasm and sweetness that stirred my blood like the sound of a trumpet. There certainly never was a cause so indebted to music and poetry as that which was lost at Culloden.

The hotel at Inverness was crowded with livery-servants, and the door inaccessible for

carriages. I had arrived on the last day of a county meeting, and all the chieftains and lairds of the north and west of Scotland were together. The last ball was to be given that evening, and I was strongly tempted to go by four or five acquaintances whom I found in the hotel, but the gout was peremptory. My shoe would not go on, and I went to bed.

I was limping about in the morning with a kind old baronet, whom I had met at G—— Castle, when I was warmly accosted by a gentleman whom I did not immediately remember. On his reminding me that we had parted last on Lake Leman, however, I recollected a gentleman-like Scotchman, who had offered me his glass opposite Copet, to look at the house of Madame de Stael, and whom I had left afterward at Lausanne, without even knowing his name. He invited me immediately to dine, and in about an hour or two after called in his carriage, and drove me to a charming country-house, a few miles down the shore of Loch Ness, where he presented me to his family, and treated me in

every respect as if I had been the oldest of his friends. I mention the circumstance for the sake of a comment on what seems to me a universal error with regard to the Scotch character. Instead of a calculating and cold people, as they are always described by the English, they seem to me more a nation of impulse and warm feeling than any other I have seen. Their history certainly goes to prove a most chivalrous character in days gone by, and as far as I know Scotchmen, they preserve it still with even less of the modification of the times than other nations. The instance I have mentioned above is one of many that have come under my own observation, and in many inquiries since, I have never found an Englishman, *who had been in Scotland,* who did not confirm my impression. I have not traded with them, it is true, and I have seen only the wealthier class; but still I think my judgment a fair one. The Scotch in England are, in a manner, what the Yankees are in the southern states, and their advantages of superior quickness and education have given them a success which is

ascribed to meaner causes. I think (common prejudice *contradicente*) that neither the Scotch nor the English are a cold or an unfriendly people, but the Scotch certainly the farther removed from coldness of the two.

Inverness is the only place I have ever been in where no medicine could be procured on a Sunday. I did not want, indeed, for other mementos of the sacredness of the day. In the crowd of the public room of the hotel half the persons, at least, had either bible or prayer-book, and there was a hush through the house, and a gravity in the faces of the people passing in the street, that reminded me more of New England than anything I have seen. I had wanted some linen washed on Saturday. "Impossible!" said the waiter, "no one does up linen on Sunday." Toward evening I wished for a carriage to drive over to my hospitable friend. Mine host stared, and I found it was indecorous to drive out on Sunday. I must add, however, that the apothecary's shop was opened after the second service, and that I was allowed a carriage on pleading my lameness.

Inverness is a romantic-looking town, charmingly situated between Loch Ness and the Moray Firth, with the bright river Ness running through it, parallel to its principal street, and the most picturesque eminences in its neighbourhood. There is a very singular elevation on the other side of the Ness, shaped like a ship, keel up, and rising from the centre of the plain, covered with beautiful trees. It is called, in Gaelic, Tonnaheurick, or the Hill of the Fairies.

It has been in one respect like getting abroad again, to come to Scotland. Nothing seemed more odd to me on my first arrival in England, than having suddenly ceased to be a "foreigner." I was as little at home myself, as in France or Turkey, (much less than in Italy,) yet there was that in the manner of every person who approached me which conveyed the presumption that I was as familiar with everything about me as himself. In Scotland, however, the Englishman is the "Sassenach," and a stranger; and, as I was always taken for one, I found myself once more invested with that agreeable consequence

which accompanies it, my supposed prejudices consulted, my opinion about another country asked, and comparisons referred to me as an *ex-parte* judge. I found here, as abroad too, that the Englishman was expected to pay more for trifling services than a native, and that he would be much more difficult about his accommodations, and more particular in his chance company. I was amused at the hotel with an instance of the want of honour shown "the prophet in his own country." I went down to the coffee-room for my breakfast about noon, and found a remarkably fashionable, pale, "Werter-like" man, excessively dressed, but with all the air of a gentleman, sitting with the newspaper on one side of the fire. He offered me the paper after a few minutes, but with the cold, half-supercilious politeness which marks the dandy tribe, and strolled off to the window. The landlord entered presently, and asked me if I had any objection to breakfasting with that gentleman, as it would be a convenience in serving it up. "None in the world," I said, "but you had better ask the other gentleman

first." "Hoot!" said Boniface, throwing up his chin with an incredulous expression, "it's honour for the like o' him! He's joost a laddie born and brought up i' the toon. I kenn'd him weel." And so enter breakfast for two. I found my companion a well-bred man; rather surprised, however, if not vexed, to discover that I knew he was of Inverness. He had been in the civil service of the East India Company for some years, (hence his paleness,) and had returned to Scotland for his health. He was not the least aware that he was known, apparently, and he certainly had not the slightest trace of his Scotch birth. The landlord told me afterward that his parents were poor, and he had raised himself by his own cleverness alone, and yet it was "honour for the like o' him" to sit at table with a common stranger! The world is really very much the same all over.

In the three days I passed at Inverness, I made the acquaintance of several of the warm-hearted Highland chiefs, and found great difficulty in refusing to go home with them.

There was a peculiar style about all these young men, something very like the manner of our high-bred Virginians — a free, gallant, self-possessed bearing, fiery and prompt, yet full of courtesy. I was pleased with them altogether.

I had formed an agreeable acquaintance, on my passage from London to Edinburgh in the steamer, with a gentleman bound to the Highlands for the shooting season. He was engaged to pay a visit to Lord L——, with whom I had myself promised to pass a week, and we parted at Edinburgh in the hope of meeting again. On my return from Dalhousie, a fortnight after, we met by chance at the hotel in Edinburgh, he having arrived the same day, and having taken a passage, like myself, for Aberdeen. We made another agreeable passage together, and he left me at the gate of G—— Castle, proceeding north on another visit. I was sitting in the coffee-room at Inverness, when, enter again my friend, to my great surprise, who informed me that Lord L——— had returned to England. Disappointed alike of our visit, we took a passage together once more in the steamer from Inverness

to Fort William for the following morning. It was a singular train of coincidences, but I was indebted to it for one of the most agreeable chance acquaintances I have yet made.

LETTER XXVI.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Caledonian canal—Dogs—English exclusiveness—English insensibility of fine scenery—Flora Macdonald and the Pretender—Highland travelling.

SEPT. 1834.

WE embarked early in the morning in the steamer which goes across Scotland from sea to sea, by the half-natural, half-artificial passage of the Caledonian canal. One long glen, as the reader knows, extends quite through this mountainous country, and in its bosom lies a chain of the loveliest lakes, whose extremities so nearly meet, that it seems as if a blow of a spade should have run them together. Their different elevations, however, made it an expensive work in

locks, and the canals altogether cost ten times the original calculation.

I went on board with my London friend, who, from our meeting so frequently, had now become my established companion. The boat was crowded, yet more with dogs than men; for every one, I think, had his brace of terriers or his pointers, and every lady her hound or poodle, and they were chained to every leg of a sofa, chair, portmanteau, and fixture in the vessel. It was like a floating kennel, and the passengers were fully occupied in keeping the peace between their own dog and their neighbour's. The same thing would have been a much greater annoyance in any other country; but in Scotland the dogs are all of beautiful and thorough-bred races, and it is a pleasure to see them. Half as many French pugs would have been insufferable.

We opened into Loch Ness immediately, and the scenery was superb. The waters were like a mirror; and the hills draped in mist, and rising one or two thousand feet directly from the shore, and nothing to break the wildness of the crags but the ruins of the constantly-occurring castles,

perched like eyries upon their summits. You might have had the same natural scenery in America, but the ruins and the thousand associations would have been wanting; and it is this, much more than the mere beauty of hill or lake, which makes the pleasure of travel. We ran close in to a green cleft in the mountains on the southern shore, in which stands one of the few old castles, still inhabited by the chief of his clan—that of Fraser of Lovat, so well known in Scottish story. Our object was to visit the Fall of Foyers, in sight of which it stands, and the boat came-to off the point, and gave us an hour for the excursion. It was a pretty stroll up through the woods, and we found a cascade very like the Turttman in Switzerland, but with no remarkable feature which would make it interesting in description.

I was amused after breakfast with what has always struck me on board English steamers—the gradual division of the company into parties of congenial rank or consequence. Not for conversation—for fellow-travellers of a day seldom become acquainted—but, as if it was a process of crystallization, the well-bred and the half-bred and the

vulgar, each separating to his natural neighbour, apparently from a mere fitness of propinquity. This takes place sometimes, but rarely and in a much less degree, on board an American steamer. There are of course, in England, as with us, those who are presuming and impertinent, but an instance of it has seldom fallen under my observation. The English seem to have an instinct of each other's position in life. A gentleman enters a crowd, looks about him, makes up his mind at once from whom an advance of civility would be agreeable or the contrary, gets near the best set without seeming to notice them, and if any chance accident brings on conversation with his neighbours, you may be certain he is sure of his man.

We had about a hundred persons on board, and I could see no one who seemed to notice or enjoy the lovely scenery we were passing through. I made the remark to my companion, who was an old stager in London fashion: fifty, but still a beau, and he was compelled to allow it, though piqued for the taste of his countrymen. A baronet with his wife and sister sat in the corner oppo-

site us, and one lady slept on the other's shoulder, and neither saw a feature of the scenery except by an accidental glance in changing her position. Yet it was more beautiful than most things I have seen that are celebrated, and the ladies, as my friend said, looked like "nice persons."

I had taken up a book while we were passing the locks at the junction of Loch Ness and Loch Oich, and was reading aloud to my friend the interesting description of Flora Macdonald's heroic devotion to Prince Charles Edward. A very lady-like girl, who sat next me, turned around as I laid down the book, and informed me, with a look of pleased pride, that the heroine was her grandmother. She was returning from the first visit she had ever made to the Isle, (I think of Skye,) of which the Macdonalds were the hereditary lords, and in which the fugitive prince was concealed. Her brother, an officer, just returned from India, had accompanied her on her pilgrimage, and as he sat on the other side of his sister he joined in the conversation, and entered into the details of Flora's history with great enthusiasm. The book belonged to the boat, and my friend

had brought it from below. The coincidence was certainly singular.

We had decided to leave the steamer at Fort William, and cross through the heart of Scotland to Loch Lomond. My companion was very fond of London hours, and slept late, knowing that the cart—the only conveyance to be had in that country—would wait our time. I was lounging about the inn, and amusing myself with listening to the Gaelic spoken by everybody who belonged to the place, when the pleasant family with whom we had passed the evening, drove out of the yard, (having brought their horses down in the boat,) intending to proceed by land to Glasgow. We renewed our adieus, on my part, with the sincerest regret, and I strolled down the road and watched them till they were out of sight, feeling that (selfish world as it is) there are some things that *look* at least like impulse and kindness—so like, that I can make out of them a very passable happiness.

We mounted our cart at eleven o'clock, and with a bright sun; a clear, vital air; a handsome and good-humoured callant for a driver, and the

most renowned of Scottish scenery before us, the day looked very auspicious. I could not help smiling at the appearance of my fashionable friend, sitting, with his well-poised hat and nicely-adjusted curls, upon the springless cross-board of a most undisguised and unscrupulous market-cart, yet in the highest good-humour with himself and the world. The boy sat on the shafts, and talked Gaelic to his horse; the mountains and the lake, spread out before us, looked as if human eye had never profaned their solitary beauty, and I enjoyed it all the more, perhaps, that our conversation was of London and its delights; and the racy scandal of the distinguished people of that great Babel amused me in the midst of that which is most unlike it—pure and lovely nature. Everything is seen so much better by contrast!

We crossed the head of Loch Linnhe, and kept down its eastern bank, skirting the water by a winding road directly under the wall of the mountains. We were to dine at Ballyhulish, and just before reaching it we passed the opening of a glen on the opposite side of the lake, in which lay, in a green paradise shut in by the loftiest rocks, one

of the most enviable habitations I have ever seen. I found on inquiry that it was the house of a Highland chief, to whom Lord D——— had kindly given me a letter, but my lameness and the presence of my companion induced me to abandon the visit; and, hailing a fishing-boat, I despatched my letters, which were sealed, across the loch, and we kept on to the inn. We dined here; and I just mention, for the information of scenery hunters, that the mountain opposite Ballyhulish sweeps down to the lake with a curve which is even more exquisitely graceful than that of Vesuvius in its far-famed descent to Portici. That same inn of Ballyhulish, by the way, stands in the midst of a scene, altogether, that does not pass easily from the memory—a lonely and sweet spot that would recur to one in a moment of violent love or hate, when the heart shrinks from the intercourse and observation of men.

We found the travellers' book, at the inn, full of records of admiration, expressed in all degrees of doggerel. People on the road write very bad poetry. I found the names of one or two Americans, whom I knew, and it was a pleasure to feel

that my enjoyment would be sympathized in. Our host had been a nobleman's travelling valet, and he amused us with his descriptions of our friends, every one of whom he perfectly remembered. He had learned to use his eyes, at least, and made very shrewd guesses at the condition and tempers of his visitors. His life, in that lonely inn, must be in sufficient contrast with his former vocation.

We had jolted sixteen miles behind our Highland horse, but he came out fresh for the remaining twenty of our days' journey, and with cushions of dried and fragrant fern, gathered and put in by our considerate landlord, we crossed the ferry and turned eastward into the far-famed and much-boasted valley of Glencoe.

LETTER XXVII.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Invarerden—Tarbet—Cockney tourists—Loch Lomond—Inversnaid—Rob Roy's Cave—Discomfiture—The birth-place of Helen M'Gregor.

Oct. 1834.

We passed the head of the valley near Tyndrum, where M'Dougal of Lorn defeated the Bruce, and were half way up the wild pass that makes its southern outlet, when our Highland driver, with a shout of delight, pointed out to us a red deer, standing on the very summit of the highest mountain above us. It was an incredible distance to see any living thing, but he stood clear

against the sky, in a relief as strong as if he had been suspended in the air, and with his head up, and his chest toward us, seemed the true monarch of the wild.

At Invarerden, Donald M'Phee begged for the discharge of himself and his horse and cart from our service. He had come with us eighty miles, and was afraid to venture farther on his travels, having never before been twenty miles from the Highland village where he lived. It was amusing to see the curiosity with which he looked about him, and the caution with which he suffered the hostler at the inn to take the black mare out of his sight. The responsibility of the horse and cart weighed heavily on his mind, and he expressed his hope "to get ta beast back safe," with an apprehensive resolution that would have become a knight-errant guiding himself for his most perilous encounter. Poor Donald! how little he knew how wide is the world, and how very like one part of it is to another!

Our host of Invarerden supplied us with another cart to take us down to Tarbet, and having dined, with a waterfall looking in at each of our two opposite windows, (the inn stands in a valley

between two mountains,) we were committed to the care of his eldest boy, and jolted off for the head of Loch Lomond.

I have never happened to see a traveller who had seen Loch Lomond in perfectly good weather. My companion had been there every summer for several years, and believed it always rained under Ben Lomond. As we came in sight of the lake, however, the water looked like one sheet of gold-leaf, trembling as if by the motion of fish below, but unruffled by wind; and if paradise were made so fair, and had such waters in its midst, I could better conceive, than before, the unhappiness of Adam when driven forth. The sun was just setting, and the road descended immediately to the shore, and kept along under precipitous rocks, and slopes of alternate cultivation and heather, to the place of our destination. And a lovely place it is! Send me to Tarbet when I would retreat from the world! It is an inn buried in a grove at the foot of the hills, and set in a bend of the lake shore, like a diamond upon an "orbed brow;" and the light in its kitchen, as we approached in the twilight, was as interesting as a ray of the "first water" from the same.

We had now reached the route of the cockney tourists; and while we perceived it agreeably in the excellence of the hotel, we perceived it disagreeably in the price of the wines, and the presence of what my friend called "unmitigated vulgarians" in the coffee-room. That is the worst of England. The people are vulgar, but not vulgar enough. One dances with the lazzaroni at Naples, when he would scarce think of handing the newspaper to the "person" on a tour at Tarbet.

Well—it was moonlight. The wind was south and affectionate, and the road in front of the hotel "fleck'd with silver;" and my friend's wife, and the corresponding object of interest to myself, being on the other side of Ben Lomond and the Tweed, we had nothing for it after supper but to walk up and down with one another, and talk of the past. In the course of our ramble, we walked through an open gate, and, ascending a gravel-walk, found a beautiful cottage, built between two mountain streams, and ornamented with every device of taste and contrivance. The mild pure torrents were led over falls, and

brought to the thresholds of bowers; and seats and bridges and winding-paths were distributed up the steep channels, in a way that might make it a haunt for Titania. It is the property, we found afterward, of a Scotch gentleman, and a great summer-retreat of the celebrated Jeffrey, his friend. It was one more place to which my heart clung in parting.

Loch Lomond still sat for its picture in the morning, and, after an early breakfast, we took a row-boat, with a couple of Highlanders, for Inversnaid, and pulled across the lake with a kind of drowsy delightfulness in the scene and air which I have never before found out of Italy. We overshot our destination a little to look into Rob Roy's Cave, a dark den in the face of the rock, which has the look of his vocation; and then, pulling back along the shore, we were landed, in the spray of a waterfall, at a cottage occupied by the boatmen of this Highland ferry. From this point across to Loch Katrine, is some five miles, and the scene of Scott's novel of 'Rob Roy.' It has been "done" so often by tourists, that I leave all particular description of the lo-

calities and scenery to the well-hammered remembrance of readers of magazines, and confine myself to my own private adventures.

The distance between the lakes is usually performed by ladies on donkeys, and by gentlemen on foot; but being myself rather tender-toed with the gout, my companion started off alone, and I lay down on the grass at Inversnaid to wait the return of the long-eared troop, who were gone across with an earlier party. The waterfall and the cottage just above the edge of the lake; a sharp hill behind, closely wooded with birch and fir, and, on a green sward platform in the rear of the house, two Highland lasses and a laddie; treading down a stack of new hay, were not bad circumstances in which to be left alone with the witcheries of the great enchanter.

I must narrate here an adventure in which my own part was rather a discomfiture, but which will show somewhat the manners of the people. My companion had been gone half an hour, and I was lying at the foot of a tree, listening to the waterfall and looking off on the lake, and watching, by fits, the lad and lasses I have spoken of,

who were building a haystack between them, and chattering away most unceasingly in Gaelic. The eldest of the girls was a tall, ill-favoured damsel, merry as an Oread, but as ugly as Donald Bean; and, after a while, I began to suspect, by the looks of the boy below, that I had furnished her with a new theme. She addressed some remark to me presently, and a skirmish of banter ensued, which ended in a challenge to me to climb up on the stack. It was about ten feet high, and shelving outward from the bottom, and my Armida had drawn up the ladder. The stack was built, however, under a high tree, and I was soon up the trunk, and, swinging off from a long branch, dropped into the middle of the stack. In the same instant, I was raised in a grasp to which I could offer no resistance, and, with a fling to which I should have believed few men equal, thrown clear off the stack to the ground. I alighted on my back, with a fall of, perhaps, twelve feet, and felt seriously hurt. The next moment, however, my gentle friend had me in her arms, (I am six feet high in my stockings,) and I was carried into the cottage, and laid on a

flock-bed, before I could well decide whether my back was broken or no. Whiskey was applied externally and internally; and the old crone, who was the only inhabitant of the hovel, commenced a lecture in Gaelic, as I stood once more sound upon my legs, which seemed to take effect upon the penitent, though her victim was no wiser for it. I took the opportunity to look at the frame which had proved itself of such vigorous power; but, except arms of extraordinary length, she was like any other equally ugly, middle-sized woman. In the remaining half hour, before the donkeys arrived, we became the best of friends, and she set me off for Loch Katrine, with a caution to the ass-driver to take care of me, which that sandy-haired Highlander took as an excellent joke. And no wonder!

The long mountain-glen between these two lakes was the home of Rob Roy, and the Highlanders point out various localities, all commemorated in Scott's incomparable story. The house where Helen MacGregor was born lies a stone's-throw off the road to the left, and Rob's gun is shown by an old woman who lives near by. He

must have been rich in arms by the same token; for, beside the well-authenticated one at Abbotsford, I have seen some dozen guns, and twice as many daggers and shot-pouches, which lay claim to the same honour. I paid my shilling to the old woman not the less. She owed it to the pleasure I had received from Sir Walter's novel.

The view of Loch Lomond back from the highest point of the pass is incomparably fine; at least when I saw it; for sunshine and temperature, and the effect of the light vapours on the hills, were at their loveliest and most favourable. It looks more like the haunt of a robber and his caterans, probably, in its more common garb of Scotch mist; but, to my eye, it was a scene of the most Arcadian peace and serenity. I dawdled along the five miles upon my donkey, with something of an ache in my back, but a very healthful and sunny freedom from pain and impatience at my heart. And so did *not* Bailie Nicol Jarvie make the same memorable journey.

LETTER XXVIII.

Highland hut, its furniture and inmates—Highland amusement and dinner—'Rob Roy,' and scenery of the 'Lady of the Lake.'

Oct. 1834.

The cottage-inn at the head of Loch Katrine was tenanted by a woman who might have been a horse-guardsman in petticoats, and who kept her smiles for other cattle than the Sassenach. We bought her whiskey and milk, praised her butter, and were civil to the little Highlandman at her breast; but neither mother nor child were to be mollified. The rocks were bare around: we were too tired for a pull in the boat, and three mortal hours lay between us and the nearest event in our history. I first penetrated, in the absence of our

Hecate, to the inner room of the shie'ing. On the wall hung a broadsword, two guns, a trophy or two of deers' horns, and a Sunday suit of plaid, philibeg and short red coat, surmounted by a gal lant bonnet and feather. Four cribs, like the berths in a ship, occupied the farther side of the chamber, each large enough to contain two persons; a snow-white table stood between the windows; a sixpenny glass, with an eagle's feather stuck in the frame, hung at such a height that, "though tall of my hands," I could just see my nose; and just under the ceiling on the left was a broad and capacious shelf, on which reposed apparently the old clothes of a century—a sort of place where the gude-wife would have hidden Prince Charlie, or might rummage for her grandmother's baby-linen.

The heavy steps of the dame came over the threshold, and I began to doubt, from the look in her eyes, whether I should get a blow of her hairy arm or a "persuader" from the butt of a gun for my intrusion.

"What are ye wantin' here?" she *speered* at me, with a Helen MacGregor-to-Bailie-Nicol-Jarvie-sort-of-an-expression.

"I was looking for a potato to roast, my good woman."

"Is that a'? Ye 'll find it ayont, then;" and, pointing to a bag in the corner, she stood while I substracted the largest, and then followed me to the general kitchen and receiving-room, where I buried my *improvista* dinner in the remains of the peat fire, and congratulated myself on my ready apology.

What to do while the potato was roasting! My English friend had already cleaned his gun for amusement, and I had looked on. We had stoned the pony till he had got beyond us in the morass, (small thanks to us, if the dame knew it.) We had tried to make a chicken swim ashore from the boat; we had fired away all my friend's percussion-caps, and there was nothing for it but to converse *à rigueur*. We lay on our backs till the dame brought us the hot potato on a shovel, with oat-cake and butter, and, with this Highland dinner, the last hour came decently to its death.

An Englishman, with his wife and lady's-maid, came over the hills with a boat's crew; and a lassie who was not very pretty, but who lived on

the lake and had found the means to get "Captain Rob" and his men pretty well under her thumb. We were all embarked, the lassie in the stern-sheets with the captain; and ourselves, though we "paid the Scot," of no more consideration than our portmanteaus. I was amused, for it was the first instance I had seen in any country, (my own not excepted,) of thorough emancipation from the distinction of superiors and inferiors. Luckily the girl was bent on showing the captain to advantage, and by ingenious prompting and catechism she induced him to do what probably was his custom when he could not better amuse himself—point out the localities as the boat sped on, and quote the 'Lady of the Lake,' with an accent which made it a piece of good fortune to have "crammed" the poem beforehand.

The shores of the lake are flat and uninteresting at the head, but, toward the scene of Scott's romance, they rise into bold precipices, and gradually become worthy of their celebrity. The Trosachs are a cluster of small, green mountains, strewn, or rather piled, with shrubs of mossy ver-

dure, and from a distance you would think only a bird, or Ranald of the Mist, could penetrate their labyrinthine recesses. Captain Rob showed us successively the Braes of Balquidder, Rob Roy's birth and burial place, Benledi, and the crag from which hung, by the well-woven skirts of "braid-claith," the worthy bailie of Glasgow; and, beneath a precipice of remarkable wildness, the half-intoxicated steersman raised his arm and began to repeat, in the most unmitigated gutturals:

> "High *ower* the south huge Ben*ve*nue
> Down *to* the lake *his* masses threw,
> Crags, knowls *and* mounds *con*fusedly hurl'd
> The frag*ments* of an earlier *wurrulld!*"

I have underlined it according to the captain's judicious emphasis, and in the last word have endeavoured to spell after his remarkable pronunciation. Probably to a Frenchman, however, it would have seemed all very fine—for Captain Rob (I must do him justice, though he broke the strap of my portmanteau) was as good-looking a ruffian as you would sketch on a summer's tour.

Some of the loveliest water I have ever seen in

my life, (and I am rather an amateur of that element—to look at) lies deep down at the bases of these divine Trosachs. The usual approaches from lake to mountain (beach or sloping shore) are here dispensed with; and, straight up from the deep water, rise the green precipices and bold and ragged rocks, overshadowing the glassy mirror below, with tints like a cool corner in a landscape of Ruysdael's. It is something — (indeed, on a second thought, exceedingly) like Lake George; only that the islands in this extremity of Loch Katrine lie closer together, and permit the sun no entrance except by a ray almost perpendicular. A painter will easily understand the effect of this—the loss of all that *makes a surface* to the water, and the consequent far depth to the eye, as if the boat in which you shot over it, brought with it its own water and sent its ripple through the transparent air. I write *currente calamo*, and have no time to clear up my meaning, but it will be evident to all lovers of nature.

Captain Rob put up his helm for a little fairy, green island, lying like a lapful of moss on the

water, and, rounding a point, we ran suddenly into a cove sheltered by a tree, and in a moment the boat grated on the pebbles of a natural beach, perhaps ten feet in length. A flight of winding steps, made roughly of roots and stones, ascended from the water's edge.

"Gentlemen and ladies!" said the captain, with a hiccup, "this is Ellen's Isle. This is the gnarled oak," (catching at a branch of the tree as the boat swung astern,) "and —— you 'll please to go up *them* steps, and I 'll tell ye the rest in Ellen's bower."

The Highland lassie sprang on shore, and we followed up the steep ascent, arriving breathless at last at the door of a fanciful bower, built by Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, (the owner of the island,) exactly after the description in the 'Lady of the Lake.' The chairs were made of crooked branches of trees and covered with deer-skins, the tables were laden with armour and every variety of weapon, and the rough beams of the building were hung with antlers and other spoils of the chase.

"Here 's whaur she lived!" said the captain,

with the gravity of a cicerone at the Forum, "and noo, if ye 'll come out, I 'll *show* you the echo."

We followed to the highest point of the island, and the Highlandman gave a scream that showed considerable practice, but I thought he would have burst his throat in the effort. The awful echo went round, "as mentioned in the bill of performance," every separate mountain screaming back the discord till you would have thought the Trosachs a crew of mocking giants. It was a wonderful echo, but, like most wonders, I could have been content to have had less for my money.

There was a "small silver beach" on the mainland opposite, and above it a high mass of mountain.

"There," said the captain, "gentlemen and ladies, is whaur Fitz-James *blow'd* his bugle, and waited for the 'light shallop' of Ellen Douglas; and here, where you landed and came up *them* steps, is where she brought him to the bower, and the very tree 's still there, (as you see'd me tak' hold o' it,) and ower the hill, yonder, is

where the 'gallant gray' *giv* out and breath'd his last, and (will you turn round, if you please, them that likes) yonder 's where Fitz-James met Red Murdoch that killed Blaunche of Devon, and right across this water *swum* young Graeme that disdained the regular boat, and I s'pose on that lower step *set* the ould harper and Ellen mony a time a-watching for Douglas; and now if you 'd like to hear the echo ance mair—"

"Heaven forbid!" was the universal cry; and, in fear of our ears, we put the bower between us and Captain Rob's lungs, and followed the Highland girl back to the boat.

From Ellen's Isle to the head of the small creek, so beautifully described in the 'Lady of the Lake,' the scenery has the same air of lavish and graceful vegetation, and the same features of mingled boldness and beauty. It was a spot altogether that one is sure to live much in with memory. I see it as clearly now as then.

The whiskey had circulated pretty freely among the crew, and all were more or less intoxicated. Captain Rob's first feat on his legs was to drop my friend's gun-case and break it to pieces, for

which he instantly got a cuff between the eyes from the boxing dandy, that would have done the business for a softer head. The Scot was a powerful fellow, and I anticipated a row; but the tremendous power of the blow, and the skill with which it was planted, quite subdued him. He rose from the grass as white as a sheet, but quietly shouldered the portmanteau with which he had fallen, and trudged on with sobered steps to the inn.

We took a post-chaise immediately for Callender, and it was not till we were five miles from the foot of the lake that I lost my apprehensions of an apparition of the Highlander from the darkening woods. We arrived at Callender at nine, and the next morning at sunrise were on our way to breakfast at Stirling.

LETTER XXIX.

STIRLING.

Scottish stages—Thorough-bred setter—Scenery—Female peasantry—Mary Queen of Scots—Stirling Castle.

Oct. 1834.

The lakes of Scotland are without the limits of stage-coach and post-horse civilization, and to arrive at these pleasant conveniences is to be consoled for the corresponding change in the character of the scenery. From Callender there is a coach to Stirling, and it was on the top of the "Highlander," (a brilliant red coach, with a picture of Rob Roy on the panels,) that, with my friend and his dog, I was on the road, bright and early, for the banks of the Teith. I have scarce done justice, by the way, to

my last-mentioned companion (a superb, thorough-bred setter, who answered to the derogatory appellation of "Flirt,") for he had accompanied me in most of my wanderings for a couple of months, and his society had been preferred to that of many a reasoning animal on the road, in the frequent dearth of amusement. Flirt's pedigree had been taken on trust by my friend, the dog-fancier, of whom he was bought, only knowing that he came of a famous race, belonging to a gentleman living somewhere between Stirling and Callender; and to determine his birth-place and get another of the same breed, was a greater object with his master than to see all the lakes and mountains of Caledonia. Poor Flirt was elevated to the highest seat on the coach, little aware that his reputation for birth and breeding depended on his recognising the scenes of his puppyhood—for if his former master had told truly, these were the fields where his young ideas had been taught a dog's share in shooting, and his unconscious tail and ears were now under watchful *surveillance* for a betrayal of his presumed reminiscences.

The coach rolled on over the dew-damp road,

crossing continually those bright and sparkling rivulets which gladden the favoured neighbourhood of mountains; and the fields and farm-houses took gradually the look of thrift and care, which indicates an approach to a thickly-settled country. The castle of Doune, a lovely hunting-seat of the Queen of Scots, appeared in the distance, with its gray towers half buried in trees, when Flirt began to look before and behind, and take less notice of the shabby gentleman on his left, who, from sharing with him a volant breakfast of bread and bacon, had hitherto received the most of his attention. We kept on at a pretty pace, and Flirt's tail shifted sides once or twice with a very decided whisk, and his intelligent head gradually grew more erect upon his neck of white-and-tan. It was evident he had travelled the road before. Still on, and as the pellucid Teith began to reflect in her eddying mirror the towers of Castle Doune—a scene worthy of its tender and chivalrous associations—a suppressed whine and a fixed look over the fields to the right, satisfied us that the soul of the setter was stirring with the recognition of the past. The

coach was stopped and Flirt loosed from his chain, and, with a promise to join me at Stirling at dinner, my friend "hied away" the delighted dog over the hedge, and followed himself on foot, to visit, by canine guidance, the birthplace of this accomplished family. It was quite beautiful to see the fine creature beat the field over and over in his impatience, returning to his slower-footed master, as if to hurry him onward, and leaping about him with an extravagance eloquent of such unusual joy. I lost sight of them by a turning in the road, and reverted for consolation to that loveliest river, on whose green bank I could have lain (had I breakfasted) and dreamed till the sunset, of the unfortunate queen, for whose soft eyes and loving heart it perhaps flowed no more brightly in the days of Rizzio, than now for mine and those of the early marketers to Stirling.

The road was thronged with carts, and peasants in their best attire. The gentleman who had provided against the enemy with a brown-paper of bread and bacon, informed me that it was market-day. A very great proportion of the country people were women and girls, walking all of them

barefoot, but with shoes in their hands, and gowns and bonnets that would have eclipsed in finery the bevy of noble ladies at Gordon Castle. Leghorn straw hats and dresses of silk, with ribands of any quantity and brilliancy, were the commonest articles. Feet excepted, however, (for they had no triflers of pedestals, and stumped along the road with a sovereign independence of pools and pebbles,) they were a wholesome-looking and rather pretty class of females; and, with the exception of here and there a prim lassie, who dropped her dress over her feet while the coach passed, and hid her shoes under her handkerchief, they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own mode of conveyance, and gave us a smile in passing, which said very distinctly, "you 'll be there before us, but it 's only seven miles, and we 'll foot it in time." How various are the joys of life! I went on with the coach, wondering whether I ever could be reduced to find pleasure in walking ten miles barefoot to a fair—and back again!

I thought again of Mary, as the turrets of the proud castle where she was crowned became more distinct in the approach—but it is difficult in

entering a crowded town, with a real breakfast in prospect and live Scotchmen about me, to remember with any continuous enthusiasm even the most brilliant events of history.

> "Can history cut my hay or get my corn in?
> Or can philosophy vend it in the market?"

says somebody in the play, and with a similar thought I looked up at the lofty towers of the home of Scotland's kings, as the "Highlander" bowled round its rocky base to the inn. The landlord appeared with his white apron, "boots" with his ladder, the coachman and guard with their hints to your memory; and having ordered breakfast of the first, descended the "convenience" of the second, and received a tip of the hat for a shilling to the remaining two, I was at liberty to walk up stairs and while away a melancholy half hour in humming such charitable stanzas as would come uncalled to my aid.

> "Oh for a plump fat leg of mutton,
> Veal, lamb, capon, pig and coney!
> None is happy but a glutton,
> None an ass but who wants money."

So sang the servant of Diogenes, with an exceptionable morality, which, nevertheless, it is difficult to get out of one's head at Stirling, if one has not already breakfasted.

* * * * *

I limped up the long street leading to the castle, stopping on the way to look at a group of natives who were gaping at an advertisement just stuck to the wall, offering to take emigrants to New-York on terms "ridiculously trifling." Remembering the "bannocks o' barley meal" I had eaten for breakfast, the haddocks and marmalade, the cold grouse and porridge, I longed to pull Sawney by the coat and tell him he was just as well where he was. Yet the temptation of the Greenock trader, "cheap and nasty" though it were, was not uninviting to me!

I was met on the drawbridge of the castle by a trim corporal, who offered to show me the lions for a "consideration." I put myself under his guidance and he took me to Queen Mary's apartments, used at present for a mess-room, to the chamber where Earl Douglas was murdered, etc. etc. etc., in particulars which are accurately

treated of in the guide-books. The pipers were playing in the court, and a company or two of a Highland regiment, in their tartans and feathers, were under parade. This was attractive metal to me, and I sat down on a parapet, where I soon struck up a friendship with a curly-headed varlet, some four years old, who shouldered my stick without the ceremony of "by-your-leave," and commenced the drill upon an unwashed regiment of his equals in a sunshiny corner below. It was delightful to see their gravity and the military air with which they cocked their bonnets and stuck out their little round stomachs at the word of command. My little Captain Cockchafer returned my stick like a knight of honour, and familiarly climbed upon my knee to repose after his campaign, very much to the surprise of his mother, who was hanging out to dry, what looked like his father's inexpressibles, from a window above, and who came down and apologized in the most unmitigated Scotch for the liberty the "babby" had taken with "his honour." For the child of a camp-follower, it was a gallant boy, and I remember him better than the drill-sergeant or the piper.

On the north side of Stirling Castle the view is bounded by the Grampians and laced by the winding Teith; and just under the battlements lies a green hollow, called the "King's Knot," where the gay tournaments were held, and the "Ladies' Hill," where sat the gay and lovely spectators of the chivalry of Scotland. Heading Hill is near it, where James executed Albany and his sons, and the scenes and events of history and poetry are thickly sown at your feet. Once recapitulated, however—the Bruce and the Douglas, Mary and the "Gudeman of Ballengiech," once honoured in memory—the surpassing beauty of the prospect from Stirling towers engross the fancy and fill the eye. It was a day of predominant sunshine, with here and there the shadow of a cloud darkening a field of stubble or a bend of the river, and I wandered round from bastion to bastion, never sated with gazing, and returning continually to the points from which the corporal had hurried me on. There lay the Forth—here Bannockburn and Falkirk, and all bathed and flooded with beauty. Let him who thinks the earth ill-looking peep at it through the embrasures of Stirling Castle.

My friend, the corporal, got but sixteen pence a day, and had a wife and children; but much as I should dislike all three as disconnected items, I envied him his lot altogether. A garrison life at Stirling, and plenty of leisure, would reconcile one almost to wife and children and a couple of pistareens *per diem.*

LETTER XXX.

Scotch scenery—A race—Cheapness of lodgings in Edinburgh—Abbotsford—Scott—Lord Dalhousie—Thomas Moore—Jane Porter—The grave of Scott.

Oct. 1834.

I was delighted to find Stirling rather worse than Albany in the matter of steamers. I had a running fight for my portmanteau and carpet-bag from the hotel to the pier, and was at last embarked in entirely the wrong boat, by sheer force of pulling and lying. They could scarce have put me in a greater rage between Cruttenden's and the Overslaugh.

The two rival steamers, the 'Victory' and the 'Ben Lomond,' got under weigh together; the former, in which I was a compulsory passenger, having a flageolet and a bass-drum by way of a

band, and the other a dozen lusty performers and most of the company. The river was very narrow and the tide down, and though the other was the better boat, we had the bolder pilot and were lighter laden and twice as desperate. I found my own spunk stirred irresistibly after the first mile. We were contending against odds, and there was something in it that touched my Americanism nearly. We had three small boys mounted on the box over the wheel, who cheered and waved their hats at our momentary advantages; but the channel was full of windings, and if we gained on the larboard tack we lost on the starboard. Whenever we were quite abreast, and the wheels touched with the narrowness of the river, we marched our flageolet and bass-drum close to the enemy and gave them a blast "to wake the dead," taking occasion, during our moments of defeat, to recover breath and ply the principal musician with beer and encouragement. It was a scene for Cooper to describe. The two pilots stood broad on their legs, every muscle on the alert; and though Ben Lomond wore the cleaner jacket, Victory had the "varminter" look. You would

have bet on Victory to have seen the man. He was that wickedest of all wicked-looking things, a wicked Scotchman—a sort of saint-turned sinner. The expression of early good principles was glazed over with drink and recklessness, like a scene from the Inferno painted over a Madonna of Raphael's. It was written in his face that he was a transgressor against knowledge. We were, perhaps, a half-dozen passengers, exclusive of the boys, and we rallied round our Bardolph-nosed hero and applauded his skilful manœuvres; sun, steam, and excitement together producing a temperature on deck that left nothing to dread from the boiler. As we approached a sharp bend in the course of the stream, I perceived, by the countenance of our pilot, that it was to be a critical moment. The Ben Lomond was a little ahead, but we had the advantage of the inside of the course, and very soon, with the commencement of the curve, we gained sensibly on the enemy, and I saw clearly that we should cut her off by a half-boat's length. The three boys on the wheel began to shout, the flageolet made all split again with "the Campbells are comin'," the

bass-drum was never so belaboured, and "up with your helm!" cried every voice, as we came at the rate of twelve miles in the hour sharp on to the angle of mud and bulrushes, and, to our utter surprise, the pilot jammed down his tiller, and ran the battered nose of the Victory plump in upon the enemy's forward quarter! The next moment we were going it like mad down the middle of the river, and far astern stuck the Ben Lomond in the mud, her paddles driving her deeper at every stroke, her music hushed, and the crowd on her deck standing speechless with amazement. The flageolet and bass-drum marched aft and played louder than ever, and we were soon in the open Firth, getting on merrily, but without competition, to the sleeping isle of Inchkeith. Lucky Victory! luckier pilot! to have found an historian! How many a red-nosed Palinurus—how many a bass-drum and flageolet have done their duty as well, yet achieved no immortality!

I was glad to see "Auld Reekie" again, though the influx of strangers to the "Scientific Meeting" had over-run every hotel, and I was an hour or two without a home. I lit at last upon a good

old Scotchwoman who had "a flat" to herself, and who, for the sum of one shilling and sixpence *per diem*, proposed to transfer her only boarder from his bed to a sofa, as long as I should wish to stay. I made a humane remonstrance against the inconvenience to her friend. "It 's only a Jew," she said, "and they 're no difficult, puir bodies!" The Hebrew came in while we were debating the point—a smirking gentleman, with very elaborated whiskers, much better dressed than the proposed usurper of his sanctum—and without the slightest hesitation professed that nothing would give him so much pain as to stand in the way of his landlady's interest. So for eighteen pence (and I could not prevail on her to take another farthing) I had a Jew put to inconvenience, a bed, boots and clothes brushed, and Mrs. Mac—— to sit up for me till two in the morning—what the Jew himself would have called a "cheap article."

* * * * *

I returned to my delightful head-quarters at Dalhousie Castle on the following day, and, among many excursions in the neighbourhood during the

ensuing week, accomplished a visit to Abbotsford. The most interesting of all spots has been so minutely and so often described, that a detailed account of it would be a mere repetition. Description, however, has anticipated nothing to the visitor. The home of Sir Walter Scott would possess an interest to thrill the heart, if it were as well painted to the eye of fancy as the homes of his own heroes.

It is a dreary country about Abbotsford, and the house itself looks from a distance like a small, low castle, buried in stunted trees, on the side of a long, sloping upland or moor. The river is between you and the chateau as you come down to Melrose from the north, and you see the gray towers opposite you from the road at the distance of a mile—the only habitable spot in an almost desolate waste of country. From the town of Melrose you approach Abbotsford by a long, green lane, and, from the height of the hedge, and the descending ground on which the house is built, you would scarce suspect its vicinity till you enter a small gate on the right and find yourself in an avenue of young trees. This con-

ducts you immediately to the door, and the first effect on me was that of a spacious castle seen through a reversed glass. In fact it is a kind of castle cottage—not larger than what is often called a cottage in England, yet to the minutest point and proportion a model of an ancient castle. The deception in the engravings of the place lies in the scale. It seems like a vast building as usually drawn.

One or two hounds were lounging round the door; but the only tenant of the place was a slovenly housemaid, whom we interrupted in the profane task of scrubbing the furniture in the library. I could have pitched her and her scrubbing-brushes out of the window with a good will It really is a pity that this sacred place, with its thousand valuable and irreplaceable curiosities, should be so carelessly neglected. We were left to wander over the house and the museum as we liked. I could have brought away (and nothing is more common than this species of theft in England) twenty things from that rare collection, of which the value could scarce be estimated. The pistols and dagger of Rob Roy, and a

hundred equally valuable and pocketable things, lay on the shelves unprotected, quite at the mercy of the ill-disposed, to say nothing of the merciless "cleanings" of the housemaid. The present Sir Walter Scott is a major of dragoons, with his regiment in Ireland, and the place is never occupied by the family. Why does not *Scotland* buy Abbotsford, and secure to herself, while it is still perfect, the home of her great magician, and the spot that to after ages would be, if preserved in its curious details, the most interesting in Great Britain?

After showing us the principal rooms, the woman opened a small closet adjoining the study, in which hung the last clothes that Sir Walter had worn. There was the broad-skirted blue coat with large buttons, the plaid trousers, the heavy shoes, the broad-rimmed hat and stout walking-stick—the dress in which he rambled about in the morning, and which he laid off when he took to his bed in his last illness. She took down the coat and gave it a shake and a wipe of the collar, as if he were waiting to put it on again!

It was encroaching somewhat on the province

of Touchstone and Wamba to moralize on a suit of clothes—but I am convinced that I got from them a better idea of Scott, as he was in his familiar hours, than any man can have who has seen neither him or them. There was a *character* in the hat and shoes. The coat was an honest and hearty coat. The stout, rough walking-stick seemed as if it could have belonged to no other man. I appeal to my kind friends and fellow-travellers who were there three days before me, (I saw their names on the book,) if the same impression was not made on them.

I asked for the room in which Sir Walter died. She showed it to me, and the place where the bed had stood, which was now removed. I was curious to see the wall or the picture over which his last looks must have passed. Directly opposite the foot of the bed hung a remarkable picture—the head of Mary Queen of Scots in a dish, taken after her execution. The features were composed and beautiful. On either side of it hung spirited drawings from the Tales of a Grandfather—one very clever sketch, representing the wife of a border-knight serving up her hus-

band's spurs for dinner, to remind him of the poverty of the larder and the necessity of a foray. On the left side of the bed was a broad window to the west—the entrance of the last light to his eyes—and from hence had sped the greatest spirit that has walked the world since Shakspeare. It almost makes the heart stand still to be silent and alone on such a spot!

What an interest there is in the trees of Abbotsford—planted every one by the same hand that waved its wand of enchantment over the world! One walks among them as if they had thoughts and memories.

Everybody talks of Scott who has ever had the happiness of seeing him, and it is strange how interesting it is even when there is no anecdote, and only the most commonplace interview is narrated. I have heard, since I have been in England, hundreds of people describe their conversations with him, and never the dullest without a certain interest far beyond that of common topics. Some of these have been celebrated people, and there is the additional weight that they were honoured friends of Sir Walter's.

Lord D—— told me that he was Scott's play-fellow at the high school of Edinburgh. There was a peculiar arrangement of the benches with a head and foot, so that the boys sat above or below, according to their success in recitation. It so happened that the warmest seat in the school, that next to the stove, was about two from the bottom, and this Scott, who was a very good scholar, contrived never to leave. He stuck to his seat from autumn to spring, never so deficient as to get down, and never choosing to answer rightly if the result was to go up. He was very lame, and seldom shared in the sports of the other boys, but was a prodigious favourite, and loved to sit in the sunshine, with a knot of boys round him telling stories. Lord Dalhousie's friendship with him was uninterrupted through life, and he invariably breakfasted at the Castle on his way to and from Edinburgh.

I met M—— at a dinner-party not long since, and Scott was again (as at a previous dinner I have described) the subject of conversation. "He was the soul of honesty," said M——. "When I was on a visit to him, we were coming

up from Kelso at sunset, and as there was to be a fine moon, I quoted to him his own rule for seeing 'fair Melrose aright,' and proposed to stay an hour and enjoy it. 'Bah!' said Scott, '*I* never saw it by moonlight.' We went, however; and Scott, who seemed to be on the most familiar terms with the cicerone, pointed to an empty niche and said to him, 'I think, by the way, that I have a Virgin and Child that will just do for your niche. I 'll send it to you.' 'How happy you have made that man!' said I to him. 'Oh,' said Scott, 'it was always in the way, and Madame S. is constantly grudging it house-room. We 're well rid of it.'"

"Any other man," said M——, "would have allowed himself at least the credit of a kind action."

I have had the happiness since I have been in England of passing some weeks at a country-house where Miss Jane P—— was an honoured guest, and, among a thousand of the most delightful reminiscences that were ever treasured, she has told me a great deal of Scott, who visited at her mother's as a boy. She remembers him

then as a good-humoured lad, but very fond of fun, who used to take her youngest sister (Anna Maria) and frighten her by holding her out of the window. Miss P—— had not seen him since that age; but, after the appearance of Guy Mannering, she heard that he was in London, and drove with a friend to his house. Not quite sure (as she modestly says) of being remembered, she sent in a note, saying, that if he remembered the P——s, whom he used to visit, Jane would like to see him. He came rushing to the door, and exclaimed, "*Remember* you! Miss P——!" and threw his arms about her neck and burst into tears. After this he corresponded constantly with the family, and about the time of his first stroke of paralysis, when his mind and memory failed him, the mother of Miss P—— died, and Scott sent a letter of condolence. It began—"Dear Miss P——"—but, as he went on, he forgot himself, and continued the letter as if addressed to her mother, ending it with—"And now, dear Mrs. P——, farewell! and believe me yours for ever, (as long as there is any thing of me,) WALTER SCOTT." Miss P—— bears testimony, like every

one else who knew him, to his greatheartedness no less than to his genius.

I am not sure that others like as well as myself these "nothings" about men of genius. I would rather hear the conversation between Scott and a peasant on the road, for example, than the most piquant anecdote of his brighter hours. I like a great mind in dishabille.

We returned by Melrose Abbey, of which I can say nothing new, and drove to Dryburgh to see the grave of Scott. He is buried in a rich old Gothic corner of a ruin—fittingly. He chose the spot, and he sleeps well. The sunshine is broken on his breast by a fretted and pinnacled window, overrun with ivy, and the small chapel in which he lies is open to the air, and ornamented with the mouldering scutcheons of his race. There are few more beautiful ruins than Dryburgh Abbey, and Scott lies in its sunniest and most fanciful nook—a grave that seems divested of the usual horrors of a grave.

We were ascending the Gala-water at sunset, and supped at Dalhousie, after a day crowded with thought and feeling.

LETTER XXXI.

Hawick—Road to Carlisle—Carlisle—Lancaster— —— Hall.

Oct. 1834.

If Scott had done nothing else, he would have deserved well of his country for giving an interest to the barren wastes by which it is separated from England. "A' the blue bonnets" must have had a melancholy march of it over the border. From Gala-water to Carlisle it might be any where a scene for the witches' meeting in Macbeth. We bowled away, at nearly twelve miles in the hour, however, (which would unwind almost any "Serpent of care" from the heart;) and if the road was not lined with witches and moss-troopers, it was well macadamized. I got a

treacherous supper at Hawick, where the Douglas pounced upon Sir Alexander Ramsay, and recovering my good humour at Carlisle, grew happier as the fields grew greener, and came down by Kendal and its green valleys with the speed of an arrow, and the light-heartedness of its feather. How little the farmer thinks, when he plants his hedges and sows his fields, that the passing wayfarer will anticipate the gleaners, and gather sunshine from his ripening harvest.

I was admiring the fine old castle of Lancaster, (now desecrated to the purposes of a county gaol,) when our thirteen-mile-whip ran over a phaeton standing quietly in the road, and spilt several women and children, as you may say, *en passant*. The coach must arrive, though it kill as many as Juggernaut, and John neither changed colour nor spoke word, but laid the silk over his leaders to make up the back-water of the jar, and rattled away up the street with the guard blowing the French-horn to the air of "Smile again, my bonny lassie." Nobody threw stones after us: the horses were changed in a minute and three quarters, and away we sped from the town of the

"red rose." There was a cool, you-know-where-to-find-me sort of indifference in this adventure, which is peculiarly English. I suppose, if his leaders had changed suddenly into griffins, he would have touched them under the wing and kept his pace.

Bound on a visit to ———— Hall, in Lancashire. I left the coach at Preston. The landlady of the Red Lion became very suddenly anxious that I should not take cold, when she found out the destination of her post-chaise. I arrived just after sunset at my friend's lodge,—and, ordering the postilion to a walk, drove leisurely through the gathering twilight to the Hall. It was a mile of winding road, through the peculiarly delicious scenery of an English park, the game visible in every direction, and the glades and woods disposed with that breadth and luxuriance of taste that make the country-houses of England palaces in Arcadia. Anxious as I had been to meet my friend, whose hospitality I had before experienced in Italy, I was almost sorry when the closely shaven sward, and glancing lights, informed me that my twilight drive was near its end.

An arrival in a strange house in England seems to a foreigner almost magical. The absence of all the bustle consequent on the same event abroad—the silence, respectfulness, and self-possession of the servants—the ease and expedition with which he is installed in a luxurious room, almost with his second breath under the roof—his portmanteau unstrapped, his toilet laid out, his dress-shoes and stockings at his feet, and the fire burning as if he had sat by it the whole day—it is like the golden facility of a dream. "Dinner at seven!" are the only words he has heard, and he finds himself (some three minutes having elapsed since he was on the road) as much at home as if he had lived there all his life, and pouring the hot water into his wash-basin with the feeling that comfort and luxury in this country are very much matters of course.

The bell rings for dinner, and the new comer finds his way to the drawing-room. He has not seen his host, perhaps, for a year; but his *entrée* is any thing but a scene. A cordial shake of the hand, a simple inquiry after his health, while the different members of the family collect in the

darkened room, and the preference of his arm by the lady of the house, to walk into dinner, are all that would remind him that he and his host had ever parted. The soup is criticised, the weather "resumed," as the French have it; gravity prevails, and the wine that he used to drink is brought him, without question, by the remembering butler. The stranger is an object of no more attention than any other person, except in the brief "glad to see you," and the accompanying just-perceptible nod with which the host drinks wine with him; and not even in the *abandon* of after-dinner conversation are the minutest reminiscences of the host and his friend sufficient to intrude on the indifferent portion of the company. The object is the general enjoyment, and you are not permitted to monopolize the sympathies of the house. You thus escape the aversion with which even a momentary favourite is looked upon in society, and in your turn you are not neglected, or bored with a sensation, on the arrival of another. In what other country is civilization carried to the same rational perfection?

I was under the hands of a physician during

the week of my stay at —— Hall, and only crept out with the lizards for a little sunshine at noon. There was shooting in the park for those who liked it, and fox-hunting in the neighbourhood for those who could follow; but I was content (upon compulsion) to be innocent of the blood of hares and partridges, and the ditches of Lancashire are innocent of mine. The well-stocked library, with its caressing chairs, was a paradise of repose after travel, and the dinner, with its delightful society, sufficed for the day's event.

My host was himself very much of a cosmopolite; but his neighbours, one or two most respectable squires of the old school among them, had the usual characteristics of people who have passed their lives on one spot, and, though gentlemanlike and good-humoured, were rather difficult to amuse. I found none of the uproariousness which distinguished the Squire Western of other times. The hale fox-hunter was in white cravat and black coat, and took wine and politics moderately, and his wife and daughters, though silent and impracticable, were well-dressed, and marked by that indefinable stamp of blood visible

no less in the gentry than in the nobility of England.

I was delighted to encounter at my friend's table one or two of the old English peculiarities, gone out nearer the metropolis. Toasted cheese and spiced ale, "familiar creatures" in common life, were here served up with all the circumstance that attended them, when they were not disdained as the allowance of maids of honour. On the disappearance of the pastry, a massive silver dish, chased with the ornate elegance of ancient plate, holding coals beneath, and protected by a hinged cover, was set before the lady of the house. At the other extremity of the table stood a "peg tankard" of the same fashion, in the same massive metal, with two handles, and of an almost fabulous capacity. Cold cheese and port were at a discount. The celery, albeit both modish and popular, was neglected. The crested cover erected itself on its hinge, and displayed a flat surface covered thinly with blistering cheese, with a *soupçon* of brawn in its complexion, quivering and delicate, and of a most stimulating odour. A little was served to each guest, and

commended as it deserved; and then the flagon's lid was lifted in its turn by the staid butler, and the master of the house drank first. It went around with the sun, not disdained by the ladies' lips in passing, and came to me, something lightened of its load. As a stranger I was advised of the law before lifting it to my head. Within, from the rim to the bottom, extended a line of silver pegs, supposed to contain, in the depth from one to the other, a fair draught for each bibber. The flagon must not be taken from the lips, and the penalty of drinking deeper than the first peg below the surface was to drink to the second,—a task for the Friar of Copmanhurst. As the visible measure was of course lost when the tankard was dipped, it required some practice, or a cool judgment, not to exceed the draught. Raising it with my two hands, I measured the distance with my eye, and watched till the floating argosy of toast should swim beyond the reach of my nose. The spicy odour ascended gratefully to the brain. The cloves and cinnamon clung in a dark circle to the edges. I drank without drawing breath, and compla-

cently passed the flagon. As the sea of ale settled to a calm, my next neighbour silently returned the tankard—I had exceeded the draught. There was a general cry of "drink! drink!" and, sounding my remaining capacity with the plummet of a long breath, I laid my hands once more on the vessel, and should have paid the penalty or perished in the attempt, but for the grace shown me as a foreigner, at the intercession of that sex distinguished for its mercy.

This adherence to the more hearty viands and customs of olden time, by the way, is an exponent of a feeling sustained with peculiar tenacity in that part of England. Cheshire and Lancashire are the stronghold of that race, peculiar to this country, the *gentry*. In these countries the peerage is no authority for gentle birth. A title unsupported by centuries of honourable descent is worse than nothing, and there is many a squire living in his immemorial "*Hall*," who would not exchange his name and pedigree for the title of ninety-nine in a hundred of the nobility of England: here reigns *aristocracy*. Your Baron Rothschild, or your new-created Lord from

the Bank or the Temple, might build palaces in Cheshire, and live years in the midst of its proud gentry, unvisited. They are the cold cheese, celery, and port, in comparison with the toasted cheese and spiced ale.

LETTER XXXII.

Liverpool—American Importations—The Railway— —— Hall—Conclusion.

Oct. 1834.

England would be a more pleasant country to travel in, if one's feelings took root with less facility. In continental countries the local ties are those of the mind and the senses; in England they are those of the affections. One wanders from Italy to Greece, and from Athens to Ephesus, and returns and departs again; and, as he gets on ship-board, or mounts his horse or his camel, it is with a sigh over some picture or statue left behind—some temple or waterfall—perhaps some cask or vintage. He makes his

last visit to the Fount of Egeria, or the Venus of the Tribune—to the Caryatides of the Parthenon or the Cascatelles of Tivoli—or pathetically calls for his last bottle of untransferable *lagrima Christi*, or his last *côtelettes provençales*. He has "five hundred friends," like other people, and has made the usual continental intimacies; but his *valet de place* takes charge of his *adieux*—(distributes his "p. p. c.'s" for a penny each)—and he forgets and is forgotten of those he leaves behind, ere his passport is recorded at the gates. In all these countries it is only as a resident or a native that you are treated with kindness, or admitted to the *penetralia* of domestic life. You are a bird of passage, expected to contribute a feather for every nest, but welcomed to none. In England this same disqualification becomes a claim. The name of a stranger opens the private house, sets you the chair of honour, prepares your bed, and makes every thing that can contribute to your comfort or pleasure temporarily your own: and when you take your departure, your host has informed himself of your route, and provided you with letters to his friends, and you may go through

the country from end to end, and experience every where the same confiding and liberal hospitality. Every foreigner who has come well introduced to England knows how unexaggerated is this picture.

I was put upon the road again by my kind friend, and, with a strong west wind coming off the Atlantic, drove along, within sound of the waves, on the road to Liverpool. It was a mild wind, and came with a welcome, for it was freighted with the thoughts of home. Goëthe says we are never separated from our friends as long as the streams run down from them to us. Certain it is, that distance seems less that it is measured by waters and winds. America seemed near, with the ocean at my feet, and only its waste paths between. I sent my heart over, (against wind and tide,) with a blessing and a prayer.

There are good inns, I believe, at Liverpool; but the coach put me down at the dirtiest and worst specimen of a public-house that I have encountered in England. As I was to stay but a night, I overcame the prejudice of a first *coup-d'œil,*

and made the best of a dinner in the coffee-room. It was crowded with people—principally merchants, I presumed; and the dinner-hour having barely passed, most of them were sitting over their wine and toddy at the small tables, discussing prices, or reading the newspapers. Near me were two young men, whose faces I thought familiar to me, and, with a second look, I resolved them into two of my countrymen, who, I found out presently by their conversation, were eating their first dinner in England. They were gentlemanlike young men, of good education, and I pleased myself with looking about and imagining the comparison they would draw, with their own country fresh in their recollection, between it and this. I could not help feeling how erroneous, in this case, would be a first impression. The gloomy coffee-room, the hurried and uncivil waiters, the atrocious cookery, the bad air, greasy tables, filthy carpet, and unsocial company — and this one of the most popular and crowded inns of the first commercial town in England! My neighbours themselves, too, afforded me some little speculation. They were a fair specimen of the

young men of our country; and after several years' exclusive conversance with other nations, I was curious to compare an untravelled American with the Europeans around me. I was struck with the exceeding *ambitiousness* of their style of conversation. Dr. Pangloss himself would have given them a degree. They called nothing by its week-day name, and avoided with singular pertinacity exactly that upon which the modern English are as pertinaciously bent — a concise homeliness of phraseology. They were dressed much better than the people about them, (who were apparently in the same sphere of life) and had, on the whole, a superior air—owing possibly to the custom prevalent in America of giving young men a university education before they enter into trade. Like myself, too, they had not yet learned the English accomplishment of total unconsciousness of the presence of others. When not conversing they did not study profoundly the grain of the mahogany, nor gaze with solemn earnestness into the bottom of their wine-glasses, nor peruse with the absorbed fixedness of Belshazzar, the figures on the wall.

They looked about them with undisguised curiosity, ordered a great deal more wine than they wanted, (*very* American that!) and were totally without the self-complacent, self-amused, sober-felicity air which John Bull assumes after his cheese in a coffee-room.

I did not introduce myself to my countrymen, for an American is the last person in the world with whom one should depart from the ordinary rules of society. Having no fixed rank, either in their own or a foreign country, they construe all uncommon civility into either a freedom, or a desire to patronize, and the last is the unpardonable sin. They called, after a while, for a "mint julep," (unknown in England,) for slippers, (rather an unusual call also—gentlemen usually wearing their own) and seemed very much surprised, on asking for candles, at being ushered to bed by the chambermaid.

I passed the next morning in walking about Liverpool. It is singularly like New York in its general air, and quite like it in the character of its population. I presume I must have met many of my countrymen, for there were some who passed

me in the street, whom I could have sworn to. In a walk to the American consul's, (to whose polite kindness I, as well as all my compatriots, have been very much indebted,) I was lucky enough to see a New-York packet drive into the harbour under full sail—as gallant a sight as you would wish to see. It was blowing rather stiffly, and she ran up to her anchorage like a bird, and, taking in her canvass with the speed of a man-of-war, was lying in a few moments with her head to the tide, as neat and as tranquil as if she had slept for the last month at her moorings. I could feel in the air that came ashore from her that I had letters on board.

Anxious to get on to Cheshire, where, as they say of the mails, I had been *due* some days, and very anxious to get rid of the perfume of beer, beef-steaks, and bad soap, with which I had become impregnated at the inn, I got embarked in an omnibus at noon, and was taken to the Railway. I was just in time; and down we dived into the long tunnel, emerging from the darkness at a pace that made my hair sensibly tighten and hold on with apprehension. Thirty miles in the

hour is pleasant going, when one is a little accustomed to it. It gives one such a contempt for time and distance! The whizzing past of the return-trains, going in the other direction with the same velocity,—making you recoil in one second, and a mile off the next,—was the only thing which after a few minutes I did not take to very kindly. There were near a hundred passengers, most of them precisely the class of English which we see in our country—the fags of Manchester and Birmingham; a class, I dare say, honest and worthy, but much more, to my taste, in their own country than mine.

I must confess to a want of curiosity touching spinning-jennies. Half an hour of Manchester contented me; yet in that half-hour I was cheated to the amount of four and sixpence,—unless the experience was worth the money. Under a sovereign I think it not worth while to lose my temper; and I contented myself with telling the man, (he was a coach-proprietor,) as I paid him the second time for the same thing in the course of twenty minutes, that the time and trouble he must have had in bronzing his face to that degree

of impudence gave him some title to the money. I saw some pretty scenery between Manchester and my destination; and, having calculated my time very accurately, I was set down at the gates of —— Hall as the dressing-bell for dinner came over the park upon the wind. I found another English welcome,—passed three weeks amid the pleasures of English country-life,—departed, as before, with regrets,—and, without much more incident or adventure, reached London on the 1st of November, and established myself for the winter.

THE END.

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